

The Sketch

No. 1402—Vol. CVIII.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1919.

ONE SHILLING.



IN HER WEDDING GOWN: MRS. LESLIE HENSON (MISS MADGE SAUNDERS).

The marriage of Mr. Leslie Henson and Miss Madge Saunders took place yesterday, Dec. 9, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Mr. Henson, who has the title of the Prince of Humourists since

Dan Leno, is at his priceless best in "Kissing Time," at the Winter Garden Theatre. He met his bride some time ago, when playing with her in "To-Night's the Night," at the Gaiety.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

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AT COVENT GARDEN: THE TEN-THOUSAND-POUND BALL.



MISS VIOLA TREE.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER



MISS IRIS TREE.



LADY BIRKENHEAD (ON LEFT).



MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.



BARONESS D'ERLANGER AND MISS GILLIBRAND.

THE COUNTESS OF MEDINA AND COUNT
MICHAEL TORBY.LADY DIANA COOPER AND MR. HUGO
RUMBOLD.

The Carnival at Covent Garden, organised by Lady Cunard and her Committee, in aid of the permanent foundation of Opera in England, was a big success. Dancing took place both in the

auditorium and on the stage. Our page gives a selection of a few of the patrons, and their dresses, but it's impossible to mention any stage or Society celebrity who was not there!

Photographs by Farrington Photo. Press.



MARIEGOLD had beguiled me into a doorway in Bond Street—a doorway unknown to me. I suspected a trick. Was she landing me among mannequins? Did

I need manicuring? Or was it merely a new haunt for tea and buns? Upstairs we went, and then along a passage, until suddenly we were right in among a crowd of dealers, and under the eye of an auctioneer.

"Silly!" she whispered; "didn't you know this was Sotheby's? That's Sir Montague Barlow, M.P., selling."

Down came the hammer, and I gave a start.

I had been looking earnestly at the M.P. on his rostrum, nodding appreciatively at the sight of a Member of Parliament who could put his experience in the House to such really practical use, and it dawned upon me, when the hammer banged, that a large landscape, with nymphs dancing, had been knocked down to poor me—that I was one of the High Contracting Parties without having meant it. "I haven't a card, or a cheque!"

I whispered, in a panic, but at the same time trying to look as if I were in the habit of buying dancing nymphs in heavy gold frames.

"Silly!" whispered Mariegold again; "you didn't get it."

Then, quite suddenly, Mariegold was in the thick of the little crowd pressing round the table. "Lot 190," said Sir Montague.

Mariegold was turning over sheets and sheets of photographs and drawings, scribbles in white chalk and pre-Raphaelite photographs. "Quick, what are they called?" she asked me, seizing a catalogue. "Lot 190, Sir Edward Burne-Jones: Studies of Feet,

on brown paper heightened in white, and 53 other drawings and photographs."

"Three pounds," said Sir Montague.

I saw Mariegold nod.

"Three-ten," said Sir Montague.

I saw Mariegold nod.

And so it went on, until "twenty-six pounds" came from a dealer—a dealer who looked as if he could have nothing in common with Burne-Jones, or with a Burne-Jones drawing of Venus-like feet.

"Twenty-seven," said Mariegold, in that fluting voice of hers; and it struck me that Sir Montague looked at her with the eye of a connoisseur, as if to

say that he noted with approval—the approval of an expert—her clearness of enunciation. "A budding Lady Astor" was what I read into that look, but perhaps I am imaginative. And then the hammer fell, and the parcel of drawings and photographs was Mariegold's.

One thing Sir Montague did not know was that under her self-possession was the beating heart of a pure gambler. She had the vaguest notion what was in the parcel.

"It's a pure spec," she whispered to me; "but I liked the few drawings I did get a glimpse of. To-morrow we'll fetch them away and go through them together; and then we'll know."

"But the joy of it!" she said. "It's better than horses, and quite as good as Monte Carlo. Not, of course, if you see just what you're buying; but when it's a parcel I can't resist."

"A little less talking at the end of the room, please," said Sir Montague.

Abashed, we left; and sought refuge in a tea-shop higher up the road.

"Don't let us talk shop—Sir Montague may hear us," said Mariegold. "I want to be put wise about people in town. I've been

six whole days in Scotland. What has happened?"

I told her of the concert

at Lady Howard de Walden's, for the Middlesex Hospital, and of Mrs. Dudley Ward and Lady Loughborough

programme-selling.

"And Lord Ribblesdale

is gone, to everybody's

surprise," I said. "He's

gone to

Assam, and

no letters will be forwarded."

"Except Lady Ribblesdale's," said

Mariegold. "Let us hope he will write

his life on the way out. He is one of

the few men whose Memoirs I want to

read, and so far, he's one of the few

men who hasn't written any—or, at

least, who hasn't got them into shape.

As a matter of fact, he has, I believe,

collected material, but he needs a little

streak of the Arnold Bennett or Compton

Mackenzie industry to get them

into book form."

"But Assam; what a funny place

to go to!" she went on. "It reminds

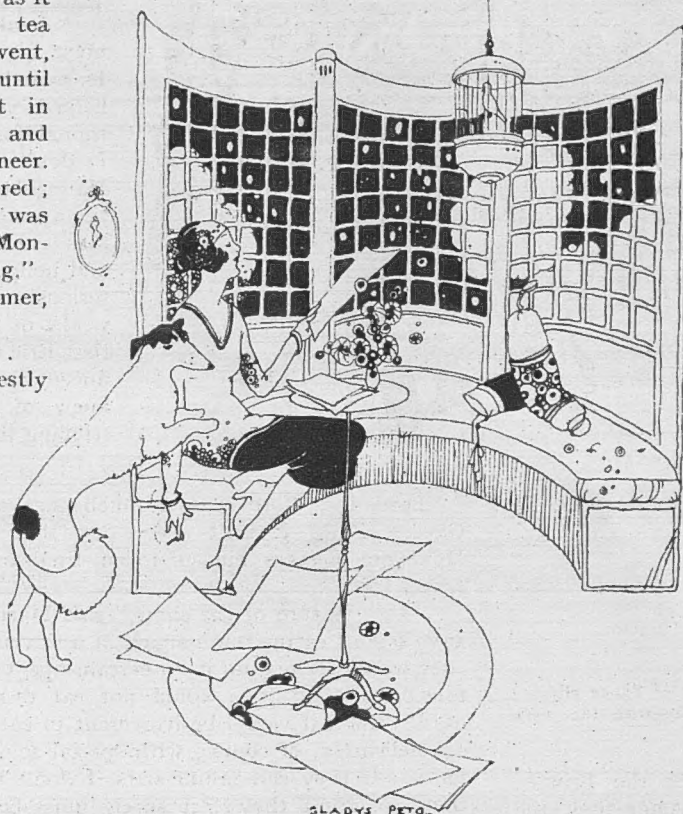
me of the woman—was it Lady Ran-

dolph Churchill—who once announced

that, in the middle of the London

Season, she was going to Uganda.

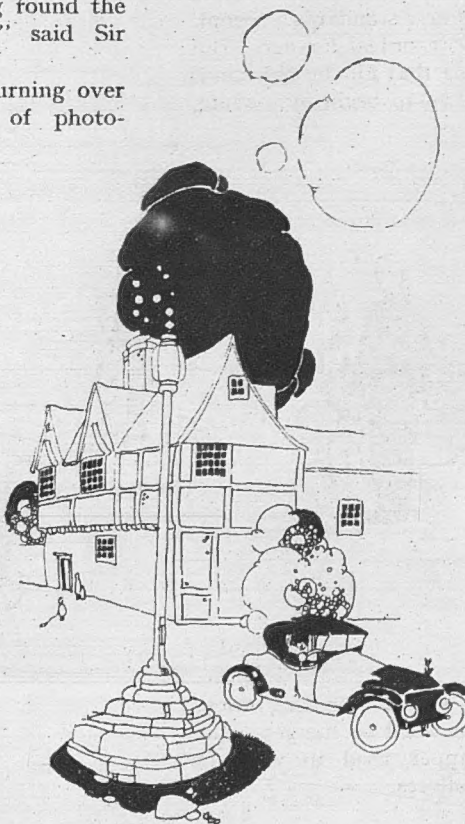
"No; you are!" said her friend."



1. Angela's little cousin, Agatha, who lives in the country, reads in the papers that the Tango exclusively is now danced in London ball-rooms.



3. . . . Where she learns how to do this. . . .

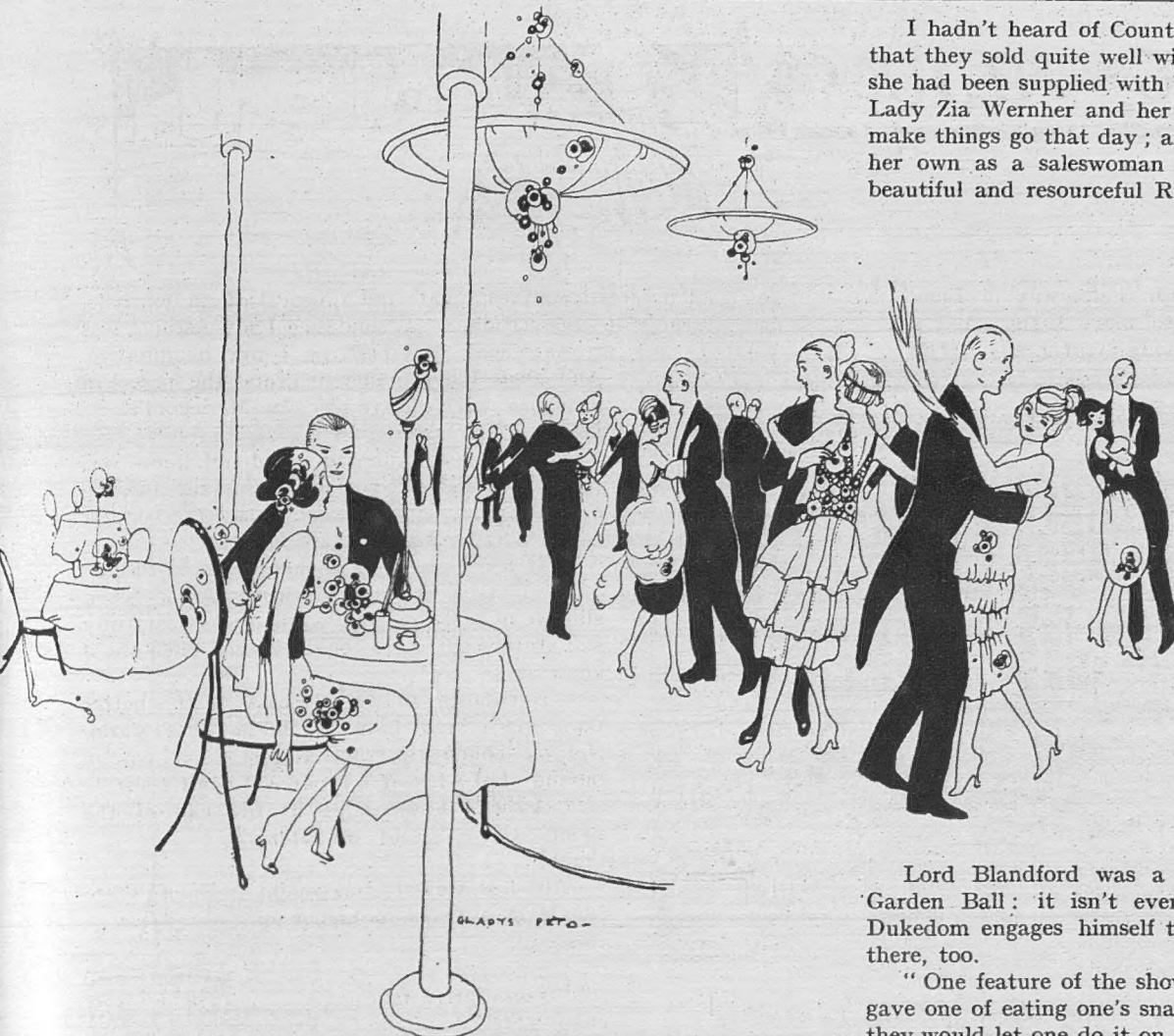


2. As she is going to town on a visit, she motors miles and miles for a daily Tango lesson. . . .



4. . . . And this—and lots of other intricate and wonderful things.

I started to tell Mariegold of some of the really big things that had happened



5. On her first day in town Agatha is taken to the smartest of dance clubs—and behold, the company dance the fox-trot of yester-year—with the very slightest of alterations.

while she was away—the King's kiss when he met the Prince; the great new "ad." for Bottomley, when Lady Astor took the seat just behind him in the Commons—and such-like; but she told me not to talk like a poster: she had been able to read the papers even among the Scotch mists.

"You don't think I missed that kiss, do you?" she asked. "It was one of the things I live for, one of those human touches that keep me alive in a wilderness of superficialities and make-believe, a genuine note that reconciles me to Victoria Station, to the royal red carpet, to the top-hats of the attendant Ministers."

"As for Lady Astor and her seat," she went on, "I hardly envy anybody who's right under her eye, not because she's an unkind observer of her fellows, but because she sets new standards. People talk about her maiden speech as if it were an ordeal for her. But that's not how I look at it. It seems to me that all the old hands have got to make their maiden speeches now—to begin over again, and be utterly genuine. They've all got to regain their innocence, as politicians."

"You know her?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mariegold. "I know her as a woman with a real Christian spirit. She wishes everybody well; she has not got a single antagonism. And, of course, it's far more difficult, in certain circumstances, to cope with a person who expects a whole heap of good things from you than to stand up against—well, against a Carson or a Winston."

"I wonder who will pair with her," mused Mariegold.

"Everybody is reading Sir Victor Horsley's Life," I told her, when she asked me about new books. This she regarded as apropos.

"Horsley helped to get the women into Parliament. He was the best speaker I ever heard, among men," said she, ruminating those dreadful days when Lady Constance Lytton used to hunger-strike for the cause, and Mariegold, a mere flapper, used to walk in procession beside Mrs. Despard, whom she adores.

"Did you save me any sweets from Countess Torby's candy store at the Russian sale?" demanded Mariegold. "But, no, it wouldn't occur to you that I would need a little feasting on my return from the land of haggis."

I hadn't heard of Countess Torby's sweets. It seems, however, that they sold quite well without my custom. Mariegold confessed she had been supplied with them from a more thoughtful supporter. Lady Zia Wernher and her sister, Countess Medina, had helped to make things go that day; and so had Viscountess Curzon, who held her own as a saleswoman and a beauty among many strikingly beautiful and resourceful Russians.

"But I will heap coals of fire on your head," said Mariegold. "What sort of Christmas card would you like from me, and where shall I buy it?"

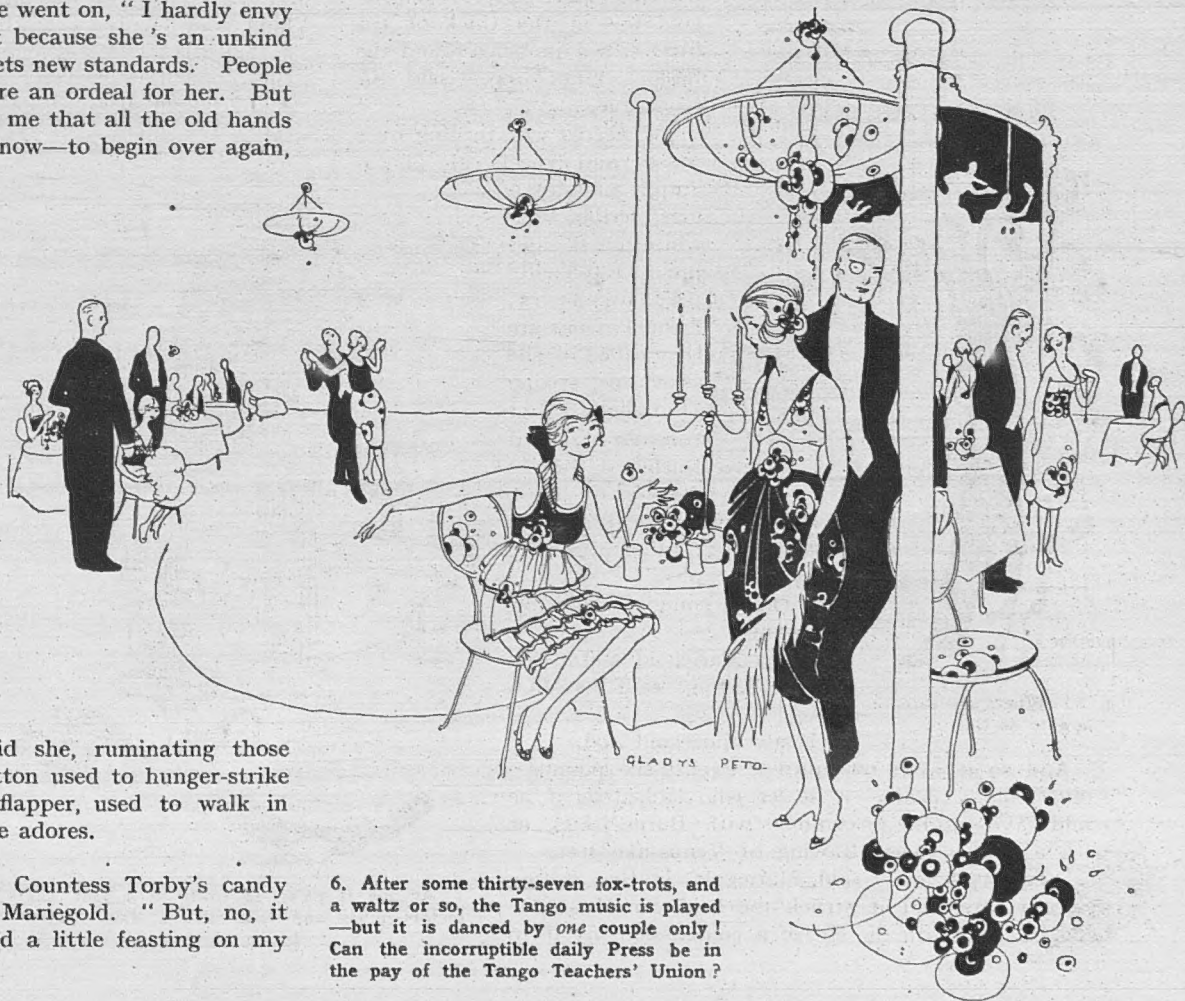
"Really!" I said; "but you must go and buy it on your own. It would spoil the surprise if I helped you." I joked, because I thought she was joking. But really I don't believe she was. Even Mariegold, the prophet of Matisse, the apostle of Picasso, takes Christmas cards, decorated with angels and holly and plum-puddings, quite seriously during these three childish weeks of shopping. So I told her that Eric Gill, the sculptor, has produced Christmas cards, but that I knew of nothing particularly intriguing in the red-berry variety.

Lord Blandford was a much-marked figure at the Covent Garden Ball: it isn't every day that the heir to an English Dukedom engages himself to an English girl! His brother was there, too.

"One feature of the show," said Mariegold, "was the chance it gave one of eating one's snack in a Covent Garden box. I do wish they would let one do it on certain opera nights—not during solemn music, of course. I could not eat during 'Lohengrin.' But I hardly think it would be irreverent to eat during some of Puccini—eat delicately, of course, with special soundless, muffled knives and forks. If they can muffle oars (I don't know how they do it, but they do, don't they?) it surely must be possible to muffle soup-spoons."

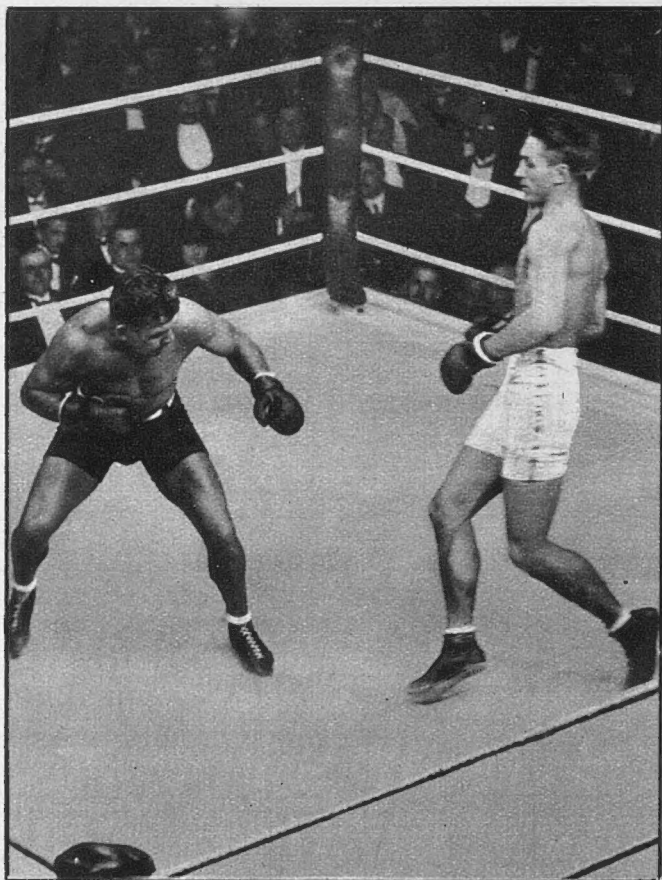
Quite suddenly we both remembered that we had to find presents for Lady Clare Feilding's wedding on Dec. 30.

"Happy thought!" exclaimed Mariegold. "I'll give Lady Clare one of the best Burne-Jones drawings out of that Sotheby parcel. Come and help me choose it to-morrow."



6. After some thirty-seven fox-trots, and a waltz or so, the Tango music is played—but it is danced by one couple only! Can the incorruptible daily Press be in the pay of the Tango Teachers' Union?

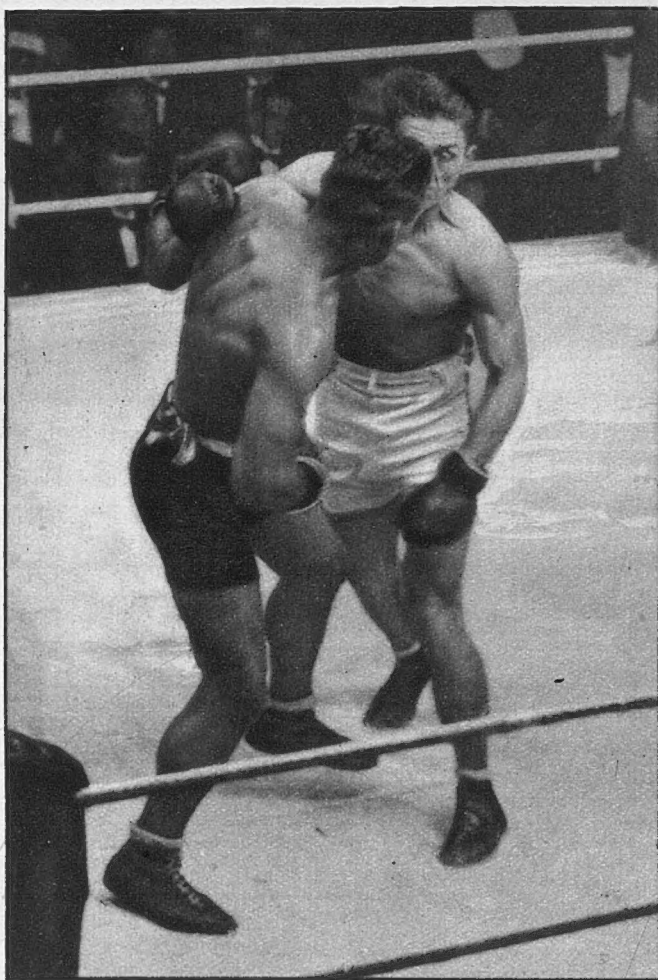
THE CARPENTIER-BECKETT FIGHT: THE OPENING MOVEMENTS.



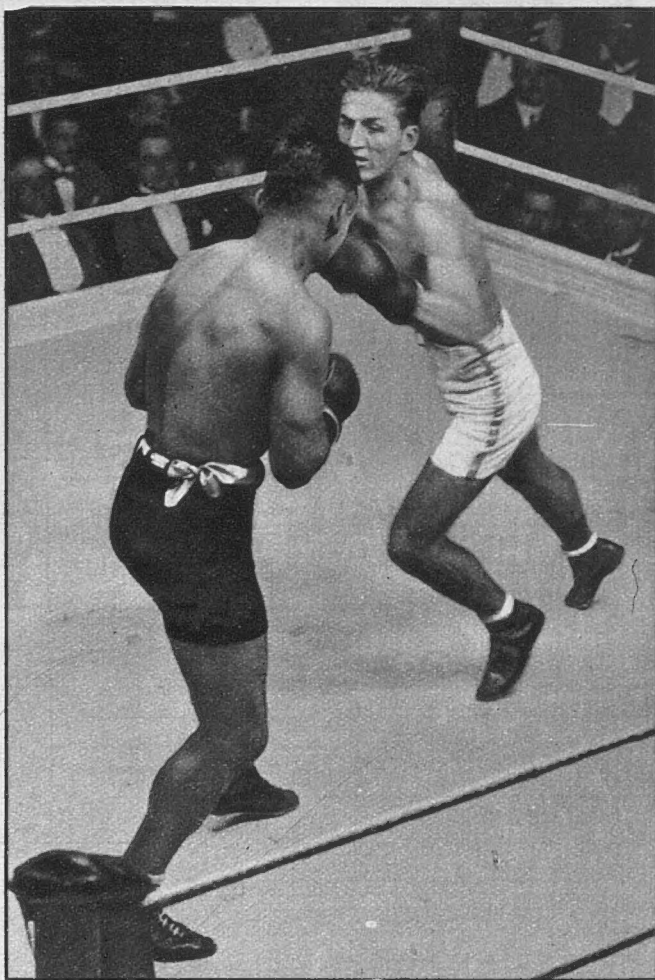
TYPICAL ATTITUDES: BECKETT CROUCHING; CARPENTIER UPRIGHT ON HIS TOES.



A LEFT LEAD FROM CARPENTIER: BECKETT KNOCKS IT UP.



AN INCIDENT DURING THE FIGHT:
A CLINCH.



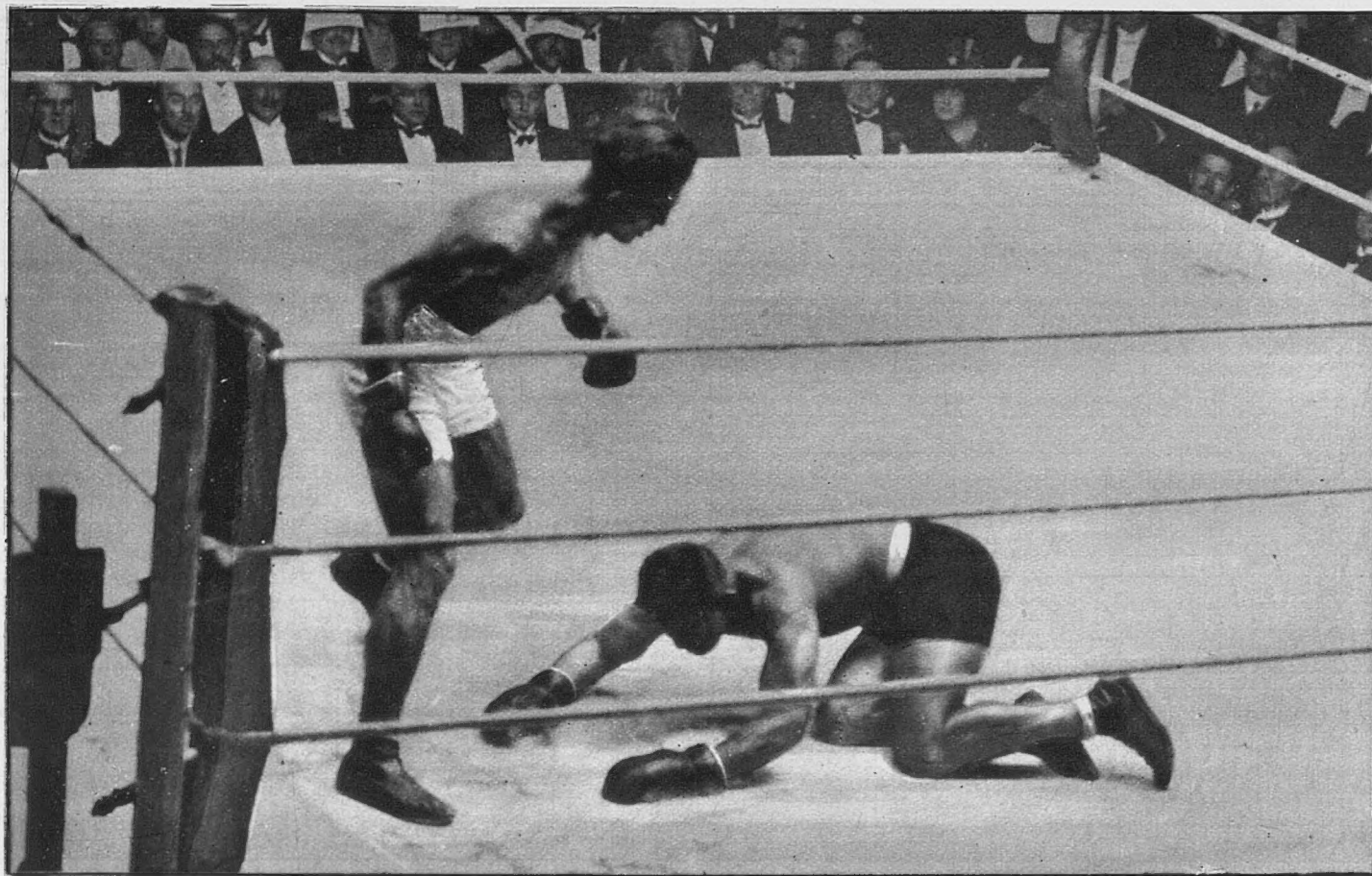
CARPENTIER'S ATTACK: DRIVING A LEFT TO BECKETT'S MOUTH.

The great glove-fight between Carpentier and Beckett at the Holborn Stadium last Thursday night, for the Heavy-Weight Championship of Europe, ended in a lightning victory for the Frenchman. It was to be a contest of twenty rounds, but it was all over within 75 seconds, or about half a round. Carpentier led with a left-

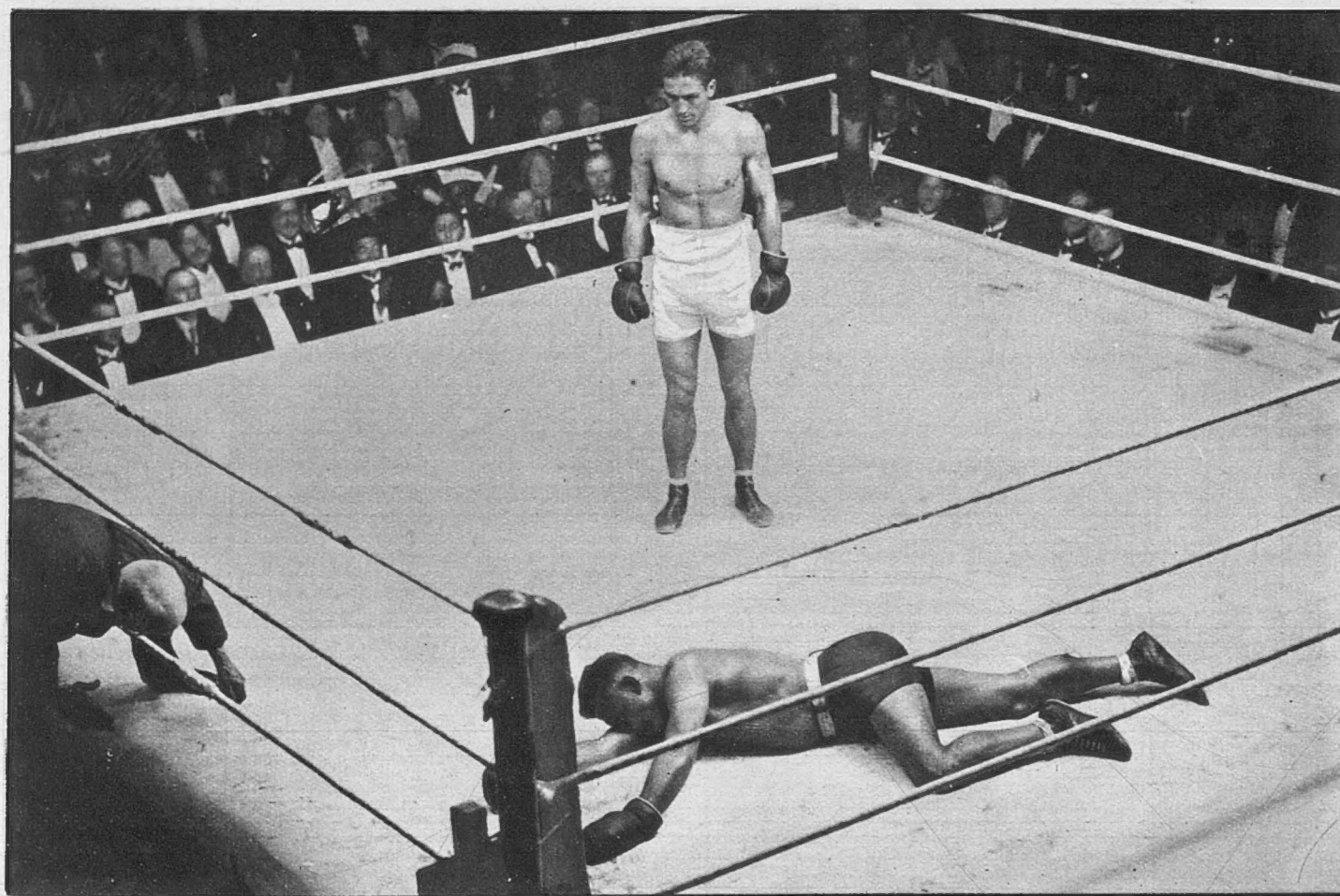
hander to Beckett's face. Then followed a clinch, and the men broke. Carpentier again attacked, and in another clinch got in a succession of quick body-blows. At the referee's bidding, they broke once more, and Beckett rushed in with a right swing to the mouth, but Carpentier by cleverly retreating avoided serious injury.

(Continued opposite.)

CARPENTIER BEATS BECKETT: THE RAPID KNOCK-OUT.



THE MOMENT AFTER CARPENTIER HAD DELIVERED THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW: BECKETT DOWN ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES.



THE END OF A 74-SECONDS FIGHT: BECKETT COUNTED OUT—THE REFEREE (MR. B. J. ANGLE) CLIMBING INTO THE RING.

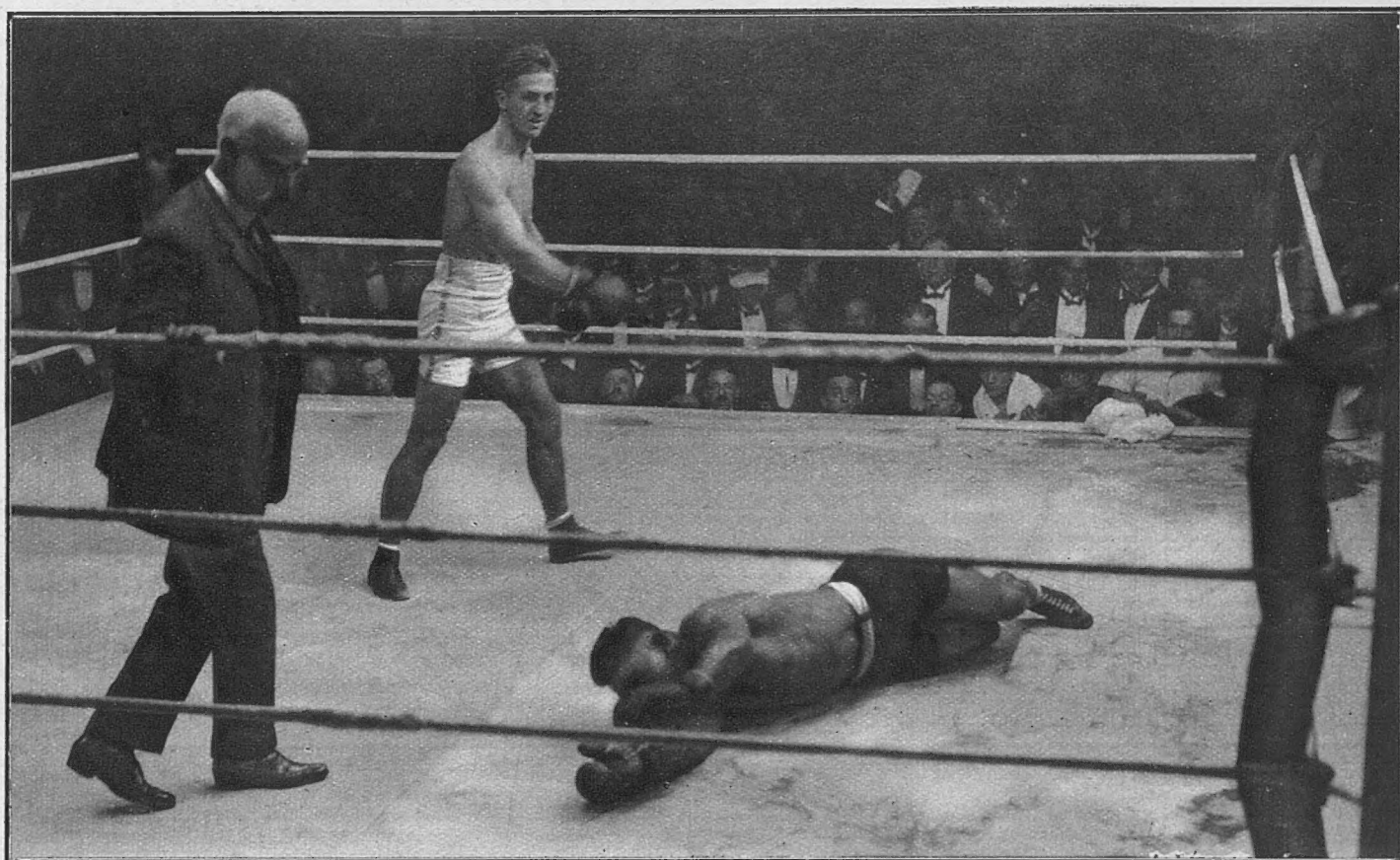
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The end came with sensational suddenness. Beckett was advancing to attack, when Carpentier made a half-turn and struck him with a tremendous right hook on the jaw. It was the knock-out blow. Beckett fell forward on his face and was counted out.

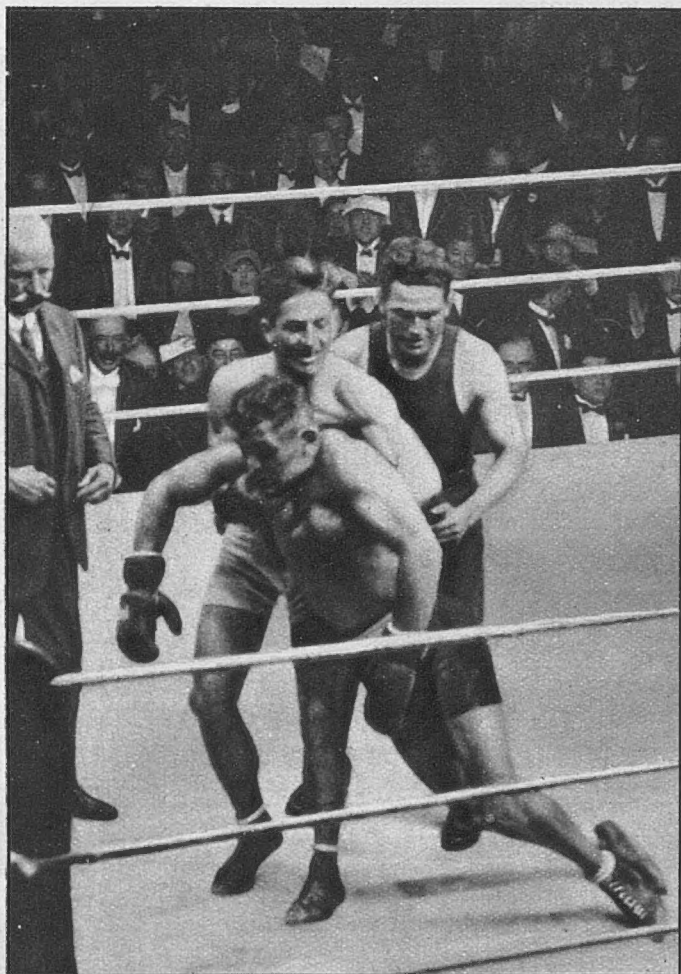
Physically the two men presented a striking contrast, Beckett massive and powerful, Carpentier lithe and comparatively slim. Both were in beautiful training. The result was a triumph of science and speed over stolid strength.

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau.

BECKETT DEFEATED: SYMPATHY FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES.

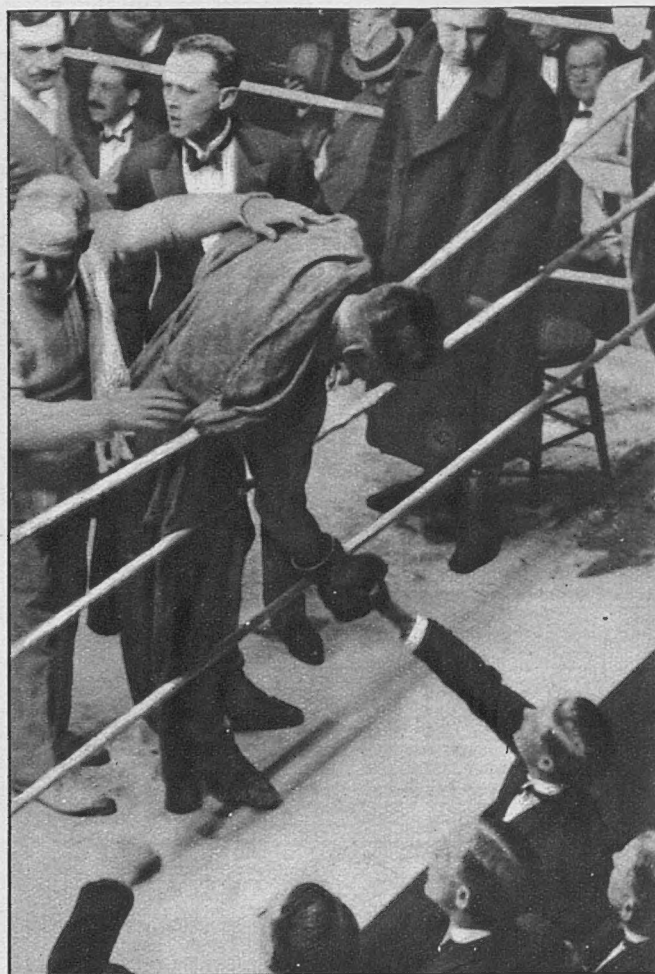


VICTOR AND VANQUISHED: CARPENTIER WATCHING BECKETT BEING COUNTED OUT—THE REFEREE (MR. ANGLE) IN THE RING.



A CHIVALROUS CONQUEROR: CARPENTIER HELPS BECKETT TO HIS CORNER.

Carpentier stood debonair and smiling while Beckett was counted out, but with true French chivalry he was the first to lift his helpless opponent and help him to his corner. Afterwards Beckett was assisted to the ring-side opposite the Prince of Wales, who had



"BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!" THE PRINCE OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH BECKETT AFTER HIS DEFEAT.

previously congratulated Carpentier. The Prince shook hands with Beckett and said, "Better luck next time!" Mr. B. J. Angle, who refereed from a platform near the ropes, entered the ring at the end of the fight.—[Photographs by I.B.]

CHAIRING THE VICTOR: THE PRINCE OF WALES AS SPECTATOR.



BLOWING KISSES WITH THE GLOVES ON: CARPENTIER BEING CARRIED ROUND THE RING BY HIS SECONDS SHOULDER-HIGH AFTER HIS VICTORY.



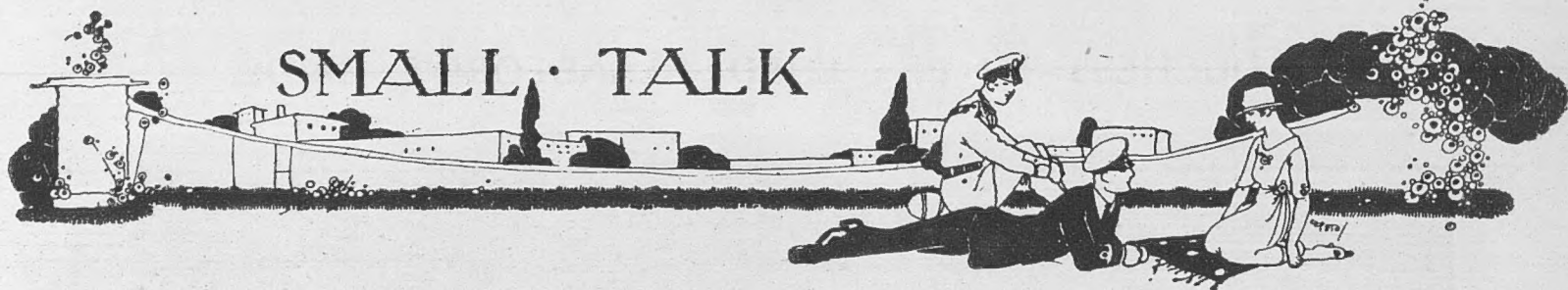
FRESH FROM HIS OWN TRIUMPHS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: THE PRINCE OF WALES AMONG THE SPECTATORS BEFORE THE FIGHT BEGAN.

After the fight, Carpentier's seconds bore him in triumph on their shoulders round the ring, and set him down opposite the Prince of Wales, who leaned over the ropes and shook hands with him, offering hearty congratulations. The Prince himself had a great reception

when he arrived at the Holborn Stadium to see the contest, and in response to calls for a speech, said: "I thank you all for your warm welcome. I am very glad to be back in London." Before the fight he chatted with Arthur Guttridge, a well-known "old-time" boxer.

Photographs by I.B.

SMALL TALK



I REMEMBER years ago being at a performance of "His Excellency," and sitting just behind the late Henry Labouchere. Suddenly the chorus, relating what happened to a prisoner, ended with—

It distresses Labouchere,
Oh, the dickens, how it sickens
Tender-hearted Labouchere.

I wondered at the time how it feels thus to have one's name presented in a ridiculous connection by two or three score strong voices. Something of the same sensation, I imagine, must be present in Sir Albert Stanley if he reads that "he talks through his

nose a little, and thinks through his nose a great deal"; also to Mr. Harold Begbie when he finds that "in his person shallow calls o shallow"; also to Mr. Rudyard Kipling when he is compared with the influenza epidemic. These verbal cruelties, and a great many more, figure in "All and Sunday," a new series of "Uncensored Celebrities" by E. T. Raymond, whose

previous essay in sub-acid character-sketching attracted a good deal of attention early in the spring. Personally, I've enjoyed the new effort immensely, and, being of an unselfish disposition, am quite ready to share my pleasures with my readers.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN V. M. GRAHAM-MENZIES: MISS SYBIL NEUMANN.

Miss Sybil Neumann is the eldest daughter of Lady Neumann and the late Sir Sigismund Neumann. Her engagement to Captain Victor Malcolm Graham-Menzies, late Scots Guards, eldest surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Graham-Menzies, of Hallyburton, has been announced.

Photograph by Speight.

How She Took It. Lady Astor neither fainted nor trembled, blushed nor grew hysterical with excitement, when she made her first appearance in the character of M.P. at Westminster. The faithful Commons almost forgot to cheer her, as might have been the case had the victor at Plymouth been of the species that walks the world in trousers. But perhaps the omission was due less to ill-will than to a certain sadness at the thought that one more masculine stronghold had been invaded by the all-conquering petticoat.

Signs of Interest. All the same, the immense throng of people was an evidence of the keen interest aroused, and women, especially, were frantic in their greeting. Lady Astor's calm method of taking charge of her sponsors, and setting the pace herself by spreading both hands out at either side, if not quite Parliamentary, was at least efficacious; and, though it's true that Mr. Bonar Law looked a little embarrassed over her efforts to engage him in conversation, it has not been proved that he did not enjoy the experience.

Did They Read It?

Two women were noticed in the Press Gallery. It constituted a record; but perhaps the authorities at the House had read my remarks on the subject of women in the Press Gallery last week.

Back Again.

The weather for the return to London of the Prince of Wales was hardly ideal, but at least it must have made H.R.H. feel quite at home right away. Deluges of rain damped the garments, but not the enthusiasm of loyal Londoners, and of visitors from the provinces too, who had stood for hours in the wet waiting to see the young man who has been described as the "Empire's chiefest asset," as well as by a variety of other titles. The Prince showed all the tact characteristic of his House. An open carriage in pouring rain is probably the least comfortable perch in the world; but H.R.H. elected to ride thus so that his own people should not be disappointed. It was a kindly act, greatly appreciated. But then it is just in such ways that the Royal Family show how very closely in touch they are with the feelings and wishes of their loyal subjects.

Looking Ahead.

Mention of the Prince is a reminder that India is already getting busy with preparations for his visit there next

October. There are still people alive who remember his grandfather's visit, not to mention the much more recent Royal Durbar; and India, where a Rajah or his son are still looked on as only something a little less than a god, means to see to it that

when the royal visitor comes there his welcome shall be of the kind that Princes should receive.

Engaged.

Turning to wedding affairs, there is the engagement of Lord Blandford to discuss. I hope his slim young Lordship doesn't resent comment, but an heir to goodness knows how many millions can't expect to do these things and not find the fierce light of publicity turned upon him. If the Hon. Alexandra Mary Cadogan had been born in a humbler sphere of life she would have been spoken of as "doing well for herself"; as it is, she is making a brilliant marriage, and will one day take precedence of her three elder sisters, who have married Lord Stanley, Lord Hillingdon, and Captain Humphrey de Trafford respectively.

Fourth of the Bunch. The bride-to-be is the fourth of Lady Meux's bunch of five pretty daughters, her fiancé being, as all the world knows, the son and heir of the Duke of Marlborough, and, incidentally, extremely like his graceful and energetic mother. It is said that a marble hall at Newport and a couple of mansions in New York are amongst the possessions to which he is heir. From the purely personal and decorative point of view, however, the Hon. Alexandra Mary is more likely to be interested in the jewels, worth considerably over a hundred thousand, which will, in the ordinary course of events, become hers.



TO MARRY THE HON. MARY CADOGAN: THE MARQUESS OF BLANDFORD.

The Marquess of Blandford, 1st Life Guards, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, was 21 last year. His engagement to the Hon. Mary Cadogan, the fourth of the Hon. Lady Meux's five lovely daughters, has just been announced.

Photograph by Lafayette.



DECORATED WITH THE ST. GEORGE'S CROSS: MRS. GOLD-ARBEITER.

Mrs. Lydia Goldarbeiter is a well-known Russian who has been nursing for some time with General Yudenitch's army. She was awarded the St. George's Cross by the Commander for personal bravery in the field; and for her services during the European War was decorated by the ex-Dowager Empress.



THE DAUGHTER OF GENERAL VICOMTE DE LA PANOUSE: Mlle. FRANÇOISE DE LA PANOUSE.

Mlle. Françoise de la Panouse is the youngest daughter of General Vicomte de la Panouse, K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Head of the French Military Mission, and of the Vicomtesse de la Panouse, D.B.E., President of the British Committee of the French Red Cross.

A DUCHESS-TO-BE : LORD BLANDFORD'S BRIDE.



ENGAGED TO THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HEIR : THE HON. MARY CADOGAN.

The engagement of the Marquess of Blandford, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, to the Hon. Mary Cadogan, fourth daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and the Hon. Lady Meux, has just been announced. The bride-to-be is nineteen, and is the fourth of the lovely Cadogan girls, one of whom is Lady Stanley, another

Lady Hillingdon, and the third, Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford; while the youngest is only just out of the schoolroom. Miss Cadogan is the god-daughter of Queen Alexandra, and the step-daughter of Admiral Sir Hedworth Meux. Lord Blandford and his fiancée were both at Lady Londonderry's dance for the Queen of Spain.—[*Photograph by Hugh Cecil.*]

ENGLISH DESIGNS FOR PARIS DRESSES.



WORN OVER A BLACK VELVET GOWN: A BRILLIANT CLOAK, EDGED WITH MONKEY.

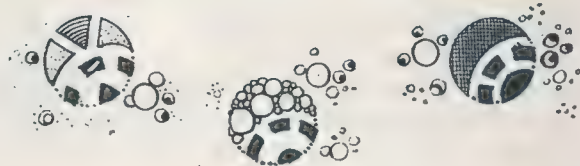


THE CHARM OF YOUTH: A PANNIER-ED VELVET MODEL.

Frocks can to-day be chosen according to Madame's mood. Does she feel frivolous and youthfully gay? She will appear in a mock crinoline or pannier-ed model, and breathe the very spirit of insouciant sweet and twenty; for what is younger and fresher than the new full-skirted styles?



EXHIBITED AT THE AUTUMN SALON: A MOLYNEUX BROCADE.



The fact that the French Salon now has a Fashion Section has, naturally, created vast excitement in French dressmaking circles; but the most remarkable part of the affair is that among the twelve proud firms whose models were selected by the Committee of Salon Artists, there is one Englishman—Molyneux—the demobbed officer-dressmaker. Our page shows six of his latest models, illustrating the fact that long, graceful lines are

CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX AT THE SALON.



FOR A WINTER'S MORNING : THE COSTUME
TAILLEUR.



THE PERFECTION OF LINE : AN EVENING GOWN.

THE 1919 CRINOLINE : ROSE-PINK VELVET VEILED WITH TULLE.

If Milady, however, is in serious vein, Fashion can provide her with stately, serious frocks, whose flowing lines make her a queen rather than a gay butterfly. Dignity and classic beauty of unbroken line is still approved of by ubiquitous Fashion.

will worn, also that the crinoline and the pannier up to date are things of grace and beauty. The brocade dress in the centre is one of the six Molyneux models on view at the Salon, and is worn by Hebe, a very well-known and beautiful mannequin. Our photographs illustrate the fact that Fashion is indeed worthy of her new official recognition by the Salon.—[Photographs by Wyndham; Dresses by Molyneux, Rue Royale.]

WITHOUT PREJUDICE

OUR managers are all hard at work demonstrating that the old game is not, theatrically speaking, *vieux jeu* in these days, when the newest thing that everybody hums is the Heavy Dragoon's song from "Patience," and married matrons emerge sobbing from "Little Women" because it makes them feel quite young again. This, as one approaches the traditional season of pantomime and century-old jokes, is all that it should be, and quite to be expected.

Because we all get a shade conventional in our dramatic tastes at that time of the year when the muffin-bell is heard ringing through the afternoon fog of squares that are dark at tea-time, and the producers of Pantomime begin to re-paint the big-heads and alter the name of last year's most popular song as a preparation for launching it as the new thing for 1920. Old fashions go naturally with the time of stirring the plum-puddings, placing heavy orders for mincemeat, and becoming a bull of Turkeys.

So the Sweet Simplicity of "Little Women" was not ill-judged in the moment which it selected for its appearance, and lots of Nineteenth Century parents will take their Twentieth Century offspring to a show at which the Neo-Georgian infant will gaze dry-eyed at the melting sentiment of its Late-Victorian forebears.

Anyway, the excellence of Miss Cornell should be noticeable even to the *blasé* infant of 1919-20; and the appearance of Miss Henrietta Watson as a Sad Sweet Mother is positively startling in view of the uniform

languishing ladies of high degree, and the Dragoon Guards of Queen Victoria's far from contemptible little army form a magnificent troupe, and the result on the audience was as unfailing as ever.

And now why cannot somebody write a "Patience" of 1919? We have our Bunthornes—lots of them. And Lady C-n—d as Lady Jane, the supreme patroness of all the arts if only they are modern enough to be really smart, affords a magnificent opportunity to any satirist. Let us have a bevy of the eminent, struck all of a heap with admiration for sculpture (if only it is out of drawing), for poetry (if only it doesn't scan), and for dancing (if only it is Russian on



A PUSSYFOOT SCENE IN "JOY-BELLS" (SECOND PEAL) AT THE HIPPODROME: MISS MABELLE GEORGE AND MR. GEORGE ROBEY.

As a guest in a "dry" house, Mr. George Robey is secretly plied with stimulants by each member of the family in turn, including the "flapper" (Miss Mabelle George), with results that would pain "Mr. Pussyfoot."—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

the stage or Amerafrican in the ball-room). Let us add to them a chorus of Colonels, the contemporary equivalent of the red-coated Heavy Dragoons of 1881. And then, for poets, we have enough and to spare: the beard of Mr. Ezra Pound and the fringe of Mr. Masefield should afford a good foundation to begin on.

Meanwhile, the Gilbertian onslaught on the foibles of '81 is still irresistible. Mr. James McNeill Lytton is really a wonderful make-up, and his agility has ceased to astound any except those rare, hermit-like individuals who have not been to any of the earlier performances of the series. And Mr. Sheffield wore with really wonderful banality the clothes of a *bourgeois* in the year of Majuba. Miss Sylvia Cecil had a great opportunity as Patience, and took it with both hands—and one feels sure that she will not think it ungracious if one adds that the hands were the hands of Miss Gilliland.

Miss Briercliffe has never been or looked more charming than under the Botticelli curls of Lady Angela. She was really enough to convert one to the Florentine revival in herself; and when she appeared in the funny little hat and strange little dress of the feminine subjects of Queen Victoria she was a delightful model of all that our fathers committed follies for. Indeed, the rush of the chorus in Victorian dresses at the end of the piece was the most charming tribute to the last generation that one can remember to have seen. It is not for nothing that the antique dealers are laying in stocks of Berlin wool and mother-of-pearl trays. If the Victorians were all as delightful as that, then hey for the Victorian Revival!



BURLESQUING OPERA: (L. TO R.) MR. GEORGE ROBEY, MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG, AND MR. FRED ANNANDALE IN "APPLE-BLOSSOM TIME" (THE ALPS SCENE), IN THE NEW "JOY-BELLS," AT THE HIPPODROME.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

unpleasantness of the ladies whom she is generally compelled to represent. We should yet live to see Mr. George Graves playing youthful heroes and Miss Connie Ediss starving in the snow! Admirable also is Miss Lilian Braithwaite's charmingly Lilian-Braithwaite-like Miss Carey.

But the oldest and the best game of all is the game that Bunthorne played with Lady Jane and that Gilbert played with both of them. "Patience," which was filled with as devout a congregation of the orthodox as has ever sat under Mr. Geoffrey Toye at the New Princes' conventicle, is nearly eternal. The milkmaid, the aesthetes, the

HATCHING OUT THE CHORUS: HIPPODROME POULTRY FARMING.



AN OVIPAROUS METHOD OF BRINGING ON THE BEAUTY BRIGADE! MISS ANITA ELSON AND CHORUS
IN "LITTLE CHICKS," IN THE NEW "JOY-BELLS," AT THE HIPPODROME.

"Little Chicks" is the name of the song that forms the seventh scene in the second peal of "Joy-Bells," the popular revue at the Hippodrome. Miss Anita Elson, as The Country Lassie, sings it

charmingly, supported by a chorus which is hatched out in the appropriate manner here illustrated. Miss Dorothy Turner is the chief of the dancing chicks.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

ASTRIDE AND SIDE-SADDLE: A TRIO OF AMAZONS.



DAUGHTER OF FLORENCE, MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA: LADY PATRICIA BLACKWOOD.



Riding is essentially the favourite recreation of English Society. Our page shows it represented by the schoolgirl, the débutante, and the young married woman, all taking exercise and enjoying it equally.



THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY FARNHAM: THE HON. VERENA MAXWELL.



AND FRIEND: THE HON. MRS. KENNETH MACKAY.

Riding astride is very popular with the rising generation, as these photographs show. Lady Patricia Blackwood is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Florence Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, and the Hon.

Verena Maxwell, the younger of Lord and Lady Farnham's two girls. The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Mackay, however, prefers the old-fashioned side-saddle.—[Photographs by Poole, Waterford.]

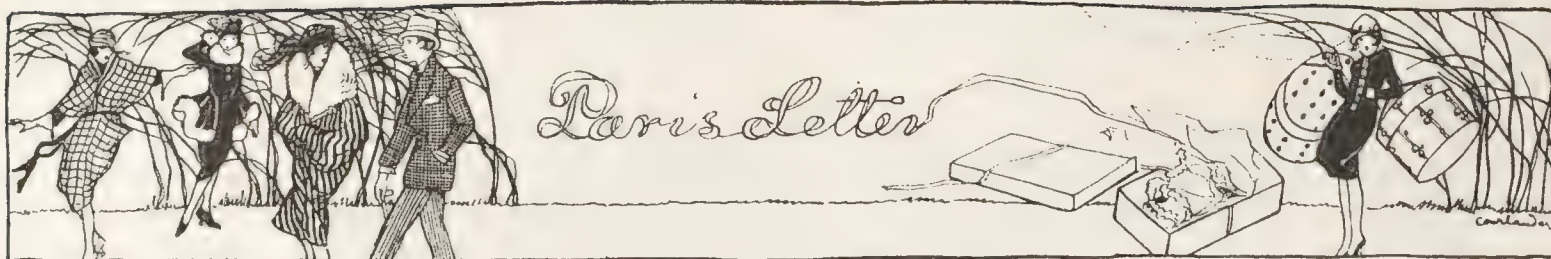
BY FIRE ; AND WITH FAN : A BRIDE OF RECENT DAYS.



OFF TO INDIA : THE HON. MRS. FULLERTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Fullerton, only daughter of Lord and Lady Deramere, was married recently to Mr. J. R. R. Fullerton, 19th Hussars. She is just off to India, where her husband's regiment is stationed.

Photographs by Sarony



It is amazing how easily one learns to manage without things. The inevitable deprivations owing to real shortages began to teach us; but I think we in Paris ought to rise up and call the strikers blessed. They have completed our education. They have taught us the useful art of Doing Without. Think for a moment of the purple temper we should have flown into a few years ago if some tiny amenity of life had been lacking! Imagine the apoplexies that would have followed any trivial derangement of our placid habits! But to-day we wake up mildly wondering who has gone on strike now—whether it is the butcher or the baker or the candlestick-maker. We have ceased to care over-much. We accept it all with a fine fatalism. Strikes have even become a trifle boring. They cannot upset us any more. In fact, the strike as a weapon against the public is played out. It has been overdone. The strikers have over-reached themselves: we have learned the virtue of resignation. That is why strikes now always fail—they have no unknown terrors for us. Still, the newspapers were really missed, because, as my cook tells me plaintively, "I've completely forgotten what Verax was doing in the last instalment of the *feuilleton*—I don't know whether he was locked in the secret dungeon, or whether he was chasing the bandits in an aeroplane."

There was a Grand Guignol thrill in an operating theatre when a famous Paris doctor managed to Do Without light in the middle of a delicate surgical task. It is not surprising in these days that the electricity should fail: the lighting companies are at their wits' end. But the moment was too dramatic. Life has no right to copy the

plots of the playwrights. The doctor had inserted the knife, the students were crowded round the unconscious woman, when the room was plunged in sudden darkness. How the doctor, groping in grim silence, managed to staunch the blood until candles were brought in would make a perfectly poignant scene on any stage—only everybody would find the idea too far-fetched.

Here is another incident which is *in-vraisemblable*. On the very night when we were, after some hesitation, told by a hard-hearted Prefect of Police that we must no longer dance, the Casino de Paris produced its long-expected new revue, "Paris qui danse." It was indeed an ironic coincidence; but the manager refused to re-name the piece



AS MEG IN "LITTLE WOMEN":
MISS JOYCE CAREY.

Miss Joyce Carey, the daughter of Miss Lilian Braithwaite, is a clever young actress. She is having a great success in "Little Women," at the New Theatre. [Photograph by Hugh Cecil.]

"Paris qui ne danse pas." He had confidence in his fellow-Parisians to make his title come true. In the first place, Prefects may, like the ladies, change their minds; but, whatever they decide, they could not succeed in suppressing the dance—they could only drive it from one place to another. This is amusingly shown by the ingenious dance-promoter who declared himself a *restaurateur*.

He supplied, bless you, musical meals; and if his clients chose to get up and perform the rag after the *roti*, or the fox-trot after the *fromage*, or the tango after the *tarte*, that was no business of his!

Nor do we wish to forego the "Réveillon" this year. Last Christmas Paris, which had looked forward to a nocturnal romp in the fashionable restaurants of the boulevards, was sadly disappointed. Now she is trembling with anxiety lest once more the all-night revelry of Noël be taboo. How often is it said that France does not celebrate Christmas! Certainly, like Scotland, she thinks still more of New Year; but for sheer unadulterated merriment I do not know what equalled a pre-war Christmas Eve in Paris. It is not, of course, a family festivity as in England; it is a lively public prance. But Noël is certainly not neglected. The preparations are proceeding apace for a high old time. The big shops—now open again—are piled up with presents.

All the theatres have brightened up their programmes; most of the entertainments are revues in which the lighter side of life in the capital is vertiginously represented. Mistinguett, whose rôle as a detective in a great State trial was made much of, has entirely recovered her place (with Régine Flory and Spinelly) as the most brilliant Parisian *vedette*. The coming of Mr. Albert de Courville to the Marigny in the Champs-Élysées is a notable event for those who like their shows, like their drinks, mixed. They get a cocktail which is compounded of French, British, American, and Italian artists. It is becoming hard to keep count of Paris entertainments which are more or less English. You can see London "stars" of all dimensions everywhere. Why, we have even invaded the sacred temple of fashion, and British girls as mannequins, and young British designers such as Captain Molyneux of the Rue Royale, are among the high priests and priestesses of the great goddess of the mode.

The British establishments—whether theatres, hotels, or fashion-houses—are very much in favour; and advantage is sometimes taken of this fact, and of the spending craze, by proprietors who may or may not be British to proclaim themselves so. There is one *chic* place which boldly charges twice as much as the best places of the same kind—and people simply fall over themselves to have the privilege of paying! If you take a friend to tea you will spend fifty francs. No matter; I am convinced that if a hundred francs were asked you would never be able to get near the doors. High prices are a positive attraction for many folk to-day. If there are some misguided individuals complaining about profiteering, there are others, I assure you, who absolutely love the profiteer. It is so charming to know that you are paying more than the vulgar herd, *n'est-ce pas*? Whatever these people are prepared to forego, spending money is something they certainly could not Do Without.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



THE ONLY ENGLISH EXHIBITOR
AT THE PARIS SALON DRESS
SECTION: CAPT. MOLYNEUX, M.C.

Captain Molyneux is the young Englishman whose dressmaking establishment is all the rage in Paris. He is the only English exhibitor in the new Dress Section of the Paris Salon, for six of his models were chosen by the Committee of Artists of the Salon. He joined up in 1914, and won the Military Cross on the field; was twice wounded, and was only demobilised a short time ago.



THE DRESS OF THE FUTURE?

(A Natural-Colour Photograph of Poiret Creations.)





A POET'S SON AS A CHRISTIAN MARTYR: GABRIELINO D'ANNUNZIO AS ST. SEBASTIAN—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

Gabrielino d'Annunzio is the son of the famous poet and fighter. It will be remembered that one of Gabriel d'Annunzio's most-discussed plays was entitled "St. Sebastian."

It was written in French and produced in Paris, with the beautiful Mlle. Ida Rubenstein as the Saint.

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MARIEGOLD AND MOTHER: A NEW STUDY.



WITH HER BABY GIRL: BARONESS BEAUMONT, A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT.

Baroness Beaumont is one of the four-and-twenty Peeresses of England, Scotland, and the United Kingdom who hold rank in their own right. Lady Beaumont married Captain the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, eldest son of Lord Howard of Glossop, in 1914, and has two sons—the Hon. Miles Francis, and the Hon. Michael; and

one baby girl—the Hon. Mariegold, who was born last August, and is seen with her in our photograph. Miss Mariegold not only has a mother who is a Peeress in her own right, but a god-mother as well, for the Duchess of Norfolk (Baroness Herries in her own right) stood sponsor to her.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A KAPP QUARTET: "PERSONALITIES."



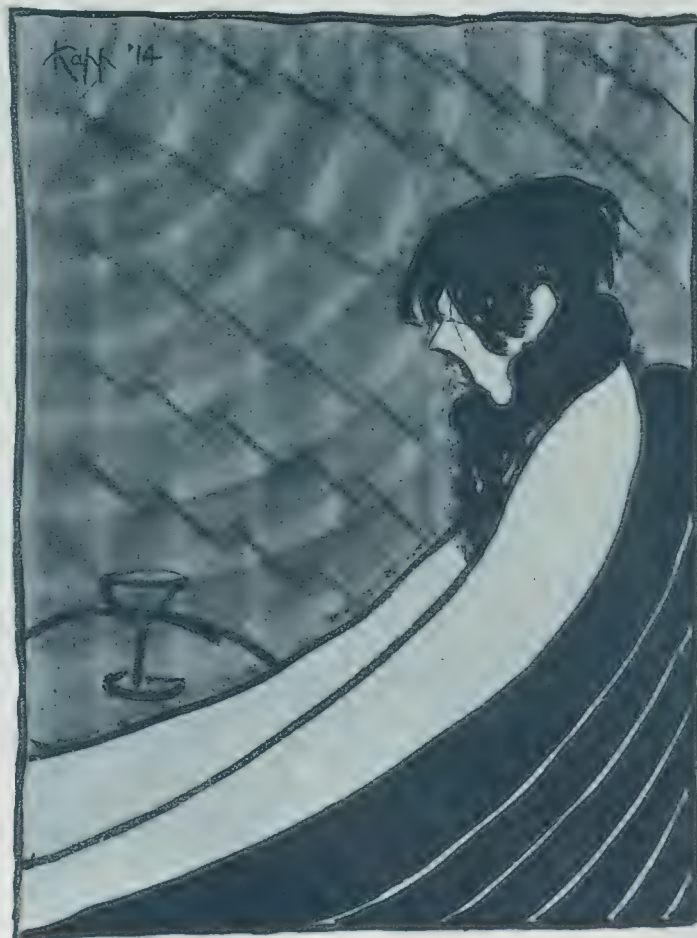
MUSIC: SIR THOMAS BEECHAM.



GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA: DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.



IS SHE DEAD—OR SLEEPING? "MRS. GRUNDY."



A MODERN ARTIST: MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS.

Mr. Kapp's book of "Personalities"—twenty-four of them—just published by Martin Secker, is a delightful collection of caricatures of well-known folk—each one a living and vivid impression of personality, as the title promises. Our page shows Kapp's idea of Sir Thomas Beecham, the great conductor who has done so much

for English opera; the Duke of Devonshire, aristocrat and statesman; Mrs. Grundy, who, some people believe, has been "done in" altogether by the war; and Mr. Wyndham Lewis, the well-known modern artist whose portrait of Ezra Pound created so much interest at the Goupil Galleries, and the author of "Tarr."

Reproduced from "Personalities," by Edmond X. Kapp, by courtesy of the publisher, Mr. Martin Secker.

AN EARL'S HEIR MARRIED: THE ERSKINE—HERVEY WEDDING.



AFTER THE CEREMONY: LORD AND LADY ERSKINE



DRIVING AWAY FROM THE CHURCH: A SMILING BRIDE.



A GROUP: BRIDE; GROOM; BEST MAN; (AND ATTENDANTS) LADY PHYLLIS HERVEY, MISS ANGELA HOARE, THE HON. GISELL COCHRANE-BAILLIE, MISS PEGGY ERSKINE, AND MASTER VICTOR HERVEY.

The marriage of Lord Erskine, Scots Guards, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Mar and Kellie, and Lady Marjorie Hervey, elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bristol, took place at Ickworth Church, near Bury St. Edmunds. The service was fully choral, and was conducted by the Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, assisted by the Rev. Lord Manners Hervey, uncle of the bride. Lady

Marjorie wore a gown of draped white satin, with a train of Brussels lace, lent by Geraldine Marchioness of Bristol, and had two veils, one of tulle and one of Brussels lace; and the bridesmaids' dresses were of white chiffon velvet with blue sashes. Lord and Lady Erskine left for Scotland immediately after the ceremony. Lord and Lady Mar and Kellie have lent Alloa Lodge for the honeymoon.—[Photographs by I.B. and Alfieri.]



ONE is continually writing in these days in the state of mind summarised by the lyrical poet of the eighteen-nineties in that moving little thing of his which begins "After the ball was over, after the dance was done." It is a somewhat confused and not particularly happy mental state, which is favourable to reflections of a slightly disillusioned character. Of course, we all enjoyed Covent Garden very much; and, of course, we all hope that Beecham's Benefit has been (as it deserved to be) an immense pecuniary success; and, of course, we all found the Russian Ballet as Russian and as Ballet as ever. But

But, we reiterate, referring to our notes, taking a long pull at the glass of water on the chairman's table, and fixing the meeting with a stony glare, we are getting socially a trifle stale. The *monde* which offers itself for public delectation in the columns of the Press is getting a little like Mr. Asquith's Government towards the end of 1916. One is becoming the slightest little bit oppressed in these days by the Old Gang. It is all very fine for them to change their names and become pantomime princesses and wheel each other round in bath-chairs and all that. But, although it may seem very ungrateful to them for their charming antics, we could do with a little New Blood. And now the murder's out.

It is all (isn't it?) a trifle 1913. They give one somehow the feeling that Picasso and the Post-Impressionists are a novelty, and the Russian Ballet is a strange new importation, and Sir Hugh Bell is the last word in economic up-to-dateness. A pity. Because the calendar says otherwise, and *après la guerre* is not quite the same thing as the *avant guerre* that Léon Daudet used to write such entertaining spy stories about. So even they will have to accept one day the Verdict of Time and to take a place not (one is happy to say) actually on the shelf—but somewhere just under it, where last year's fashions are sent to.

Meanwhile, economists deplore (and Messrs. —'s shareholders welcome) an impetuous and positively alarming outburst of Christmas shopping. You can't get near the counter you want. So you are driven into the wrong department altogether. And even then they leave you to make your selection from the stock in hand, because it takes seven years to get anything made, and there is no guarantee of delivery even then. Those, my friends, are the strikingly uncomfortable terms on which the loyal

population of all the Londons and the Londons beyond the Heath are making their Yule-time purchases. And they are making them. Like anything. In a period in which the Chancellor of the Exchequer, poor thing, is thinking of raffling the Bank of England or something in order to raise money for national purposes.

Meanwhile, I—I mean, we (one must really be more editorial) do wish someone would give me, or us, one of those alluring tigers that spring suddenly forward (like Clemenceau when he sees a piece of German territory with an inhabitant who once took French lessons). There is a lovely one in "Baby Bunting"—and "he won't be happy till he gets it," as they used to say under the distressing picture of child life at the front end of the old horse omnibuses.



DRESSED FOR "THE HOUSE": LADY ASTOR, M.P., WITH HER SON BOBBIE.

Lady Astor took her seat in the Commons dressed in a blue tailor-made costume with a white collar and a velvet toque. Our photograph was taken just before she left her home, 4, St. James's Square, for the House. Mr. Robert Shaw is her eldest son, by her first husband, the late Mr. Robert Gould Shaw.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



LADY ASTOR'S ROOM AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: ONE FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY GENERAL SEELY AS UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR.

This room has been assigned to Lady Astor and any other women M.P.s who may be elected. It overlooks the Terrace and the river.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

Another striking feature of the Edwardian revival, which is one of the most attractive phases of the present reign, is the return in these days

to the silk hat. It, the authentic topper, the old ceremonial silky one, is returning into our lives once more. Look—if you can bear to—at the Parkees next Sunday, and you will see a fair number of real shiny hats as advertised before the war drove the young into Service caps, and the old (by a strange contrast with their avowals of anti-Germanism) into Homburgs. And far nicer they all look for it, except when they give way to the check trousering and short-jacket habit that makes even the most distinguished persons look as though they were going to put you into a Really Good Thing in Oils.

Anticipating the plunge into Turf methods of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, some of our fellow-subjects seem to have got very busy (don't they just?) in the neighbourhood of Hyde Park, where the population, undismayed by the sad story of the South Sea Bubble, lines up daily to buy its little tickets for a million a year for life, sixty-two (if you select your month judiciously) dinners at the Savoy, a coal-and-diamond tiara, accommodation in the waiters' bath-room of a really good London hotel, standing room in a No. 6 omnibus at 6 p.m. every night for a year or until the patient dies of asphyxia (whichever shall first happen), a nod and a smile from Lady —, a small piece of Canadian cheese, and two thousand consolation pocket-knives.



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THE SATIRES OF CYNICUSS



THE SCHOOL FOR SUCCESS.

BY MARTHE TROLY CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

THE lady sailed in—or rather, "tanked" in—the shop of *Bijouterie et Orfèverie* in Paris, where I was buying a hat-pin (not a paste "arrow," nor even a diamond one!), hampered by Cynicuss yawning behind a silver samovar. But the advent of the new customer instantly lifted our lassitude. She was so dazzlingly new that she seemed to outshine the very monster trays spreading their shield-like surface on the counters. At least three paradise birds had died to make her hat hideous. Her fur coat of rare rabbit was as narrow and as short as fashion, if not the lady's proportions, required. Her Russian top boots creaked under the weight of her sumptuousness. She dated A.D. 1914 from the top of her paradises to the aforesaid boots. She seemed satisfied with life and herself, and beamed on the smiling *commis*, who had come forward with a "*Madame désire?*" of the most deferential.

Cynicuss looked at me, and I looked at Cynicuss; discreetly we turned indifferent-looking backs and became absorbed in a Venetian mirror. Mirrors have their advantages.

What Madame desired, it seems, was "something to have tea with—all the things, you know, complete, in silver, *quelque chose de bien*, that which you have of best—"

"*Un service à thé?*" suggested the *commis*.

"That's it, and the latest model; I don't mean to haggle—"

Needless to say, everything was brought that had any possible relation to tea, and everything was of the most expensive. The lady, as she toyed with the silver set, had the expression of wonder and delight of a child with a zig-zag puzzle. "And how many spoons go with the service?" she asked.

"As many as Madame likes."

"A dozen," she said. Then, picking up the sugar-tongs admiringly—"And this *c'est très gentil*, what is it for?"

"To take sugar with," answered the *commis*, hiding a grin in his big black beard.

"Well, I'll have a dozen of these too," she decided.

When we were out of the shop I guessed by Cynicuss's silence that I was about to benefit by another of his

usual if unusual propositions.

"This incident of the unsophisticated lady gave me an idea," he started.

"Share out," I said.

"What about a school for success—a sort of training for grown-ups?"

"Mr. Pelman thought of it before you,"

I remarked.

"No; I don't mean that sort of school. I don't mean as a help to success in business; but, on the contrary, to counterbalance the effects of success in business. A college for crude Crœsuses. It would provide a new, remunerative, and

congenial profession for the *nouveaux pauvres*.

"Imagine a palatial Institute (it must be palatial to attract a certain class of customers) where mushroom millionaires could become acquainted with any and everything, from caviare to curtsies, in camera, an information bureau for the fortunate, no spelling course (we are not preparing for clerkship), but a nice taste in note-paper—how not to print one's coronet in too large a type, for instance, even if it is paid for!



"To gaze at the social foe as if he or she were less tangible than ether."

The exact spot in which to sit in the Park at church parade. How to answer when spoken to by one's servants. To the truly ambitious, how to cultivate the discreet dowdiness of the really distinguished. For the shopkeeper turned sportsman there would be experts to help him to differentiate between the slang that's spoken and that which is left to stable lads.

"To an ex-diplomat would be entrusted the teaching of how to say unpleasant things, in chosen language, without the shedding of hair-pins or the dropping of h's.

"The great stumbling-block would be, of course, preventing our clients from becoming 'smart.' It's so irresistibly easy to become smart—they all fall to it. Lavishness is another

thing they'd have to be warned against. I think the eldest daughter of a curate might be engaged in instilling into them that gracious stinginess which is the hall-mark of the aristocratic rich.

"Cast-off aides-de-camp might prove good instructors in how to sit at ease at table, how to spread one's elbows without endangering one's perfectly good sleeve in the neighbour's *potage*. Impoverished foreign noblemen would be indicated to guide our pupils between the intricacies and similarities of sound of French *menus* and a list of the Vatican's treasures.

"Perhaps we might get a philanthropic Peer to give them lessons in democracy—a creed so foreign to the *nouveau riche*. We would advertise for some Christian lady of high birth to teach them how to stare at the social foe as if he or she were less tangible than ether." Cynicuss stopped for breath. "We might also—"

"You might," I interrupted; "but they won't! So much for your social scheme. Do you believe those would-be clients of yours, who have been clever enough to become Crœsuses, would be fools enough to pay for what they can get free for the asking from those people you have chosen to teach them?—even if they did recognise the necessity for being taught."

"How and where?" asked Cynicuss.

"At their own table, silly!" I said.



"The discreet dowdiness of the really distinguished."



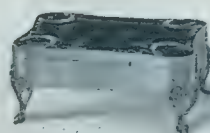
"How to answer when spoken to by one's servants."



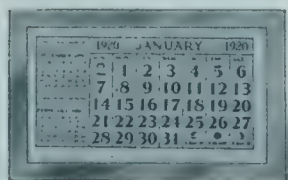
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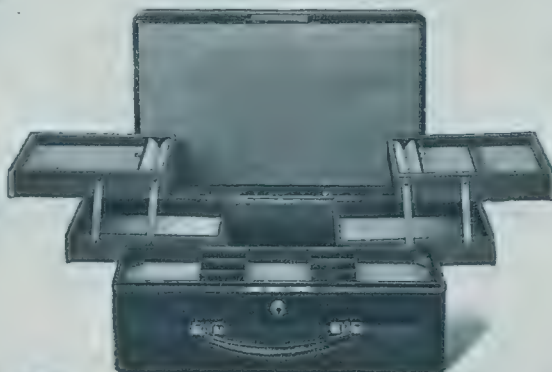
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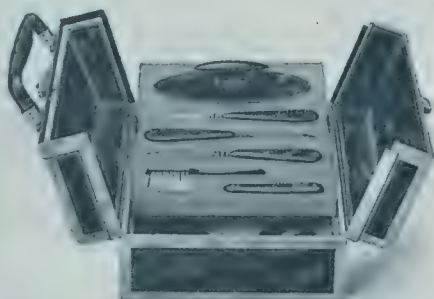
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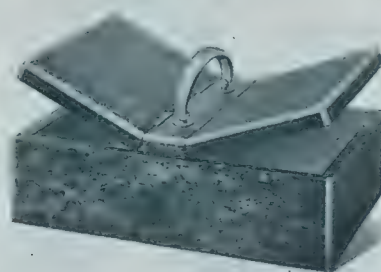
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IN ONE REEL!



THE OFFICIOUS POLICEMAN: Now, then; move on there!

THE PAVEMENT ARTIST: Go on—wot d'yer take me fer—a moving-pictur palace?

DRAWN BY FRANK NEWBOULD.



THE SMOKE FROM BRITAIN'S SHIPS

HER BOW OF PROMISE

As a rainbow requires a background of cloud for its display, and a radiant sun to give it effect, so the clouds of national commercial readjustment form a strong background for the display of Britain's Bow of Commercial Promise. It is a world-wide arch resting upon the sea—the Highway of British Trade—and wrought out of the smoke of Britain's commercial marine.

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TOOTAL CLOTH: the Guaranteed Velvet Fabric. Plain and Cord. 27 inches wide.

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SILK AND SCARLET.

IT is not my business to give you tips for future events—thank heaven!—but, as I said in some previous notes, I am advised that, if one happens to get a price offered about Poethlyn for next year's National, it would be a good thing to take it now. It is possible that Poethlyn will probably have been beaten in the Southern Steeplechase at Lingfield when these notes appear—it being necessary to write them before that event is even run—but I am merely looking at him as an Aintree horse *pur et simple*, and as that I do not think there is any his right to dispute. Personally, I do not believe in backing a horse, however good, to win twice over Aintree off the reel; but there are exceptional horses which we must expect to do exceptional things. Poethlyn won a War National at Gatwick and then over Aintree, and now they say that he will win again over Aintree, and that he is the 'most phenomenal 'chaser of the century. He may be so. But Aintree is a "proposition"—a thing that you cannot back them to cross twice the same way.

Look at Lutteur III. The first time, when he won, he jumped the course like a stag, and never laid an iron on any of them. Next time out he got hung up to dry, landed on top of a fence, not far this side of Becher's, and there he stopped. Manifesto was, I think, one of the most consistent performers over this course that ever I have known. The second time he won he was down to all intents and purposes at the canal turn—bang on the floor, so far as I remember—but he got up. On that occasion George Williamson put up a wonderfully fine performance, because when the horse fell one of his feet slipped clean through the iron, and the stirrup was half-way up his boot. He rode the rest of the course like that, for, of course, it was quite impossible to put matters right by reaching down and

hard puller in a steeplechase, that this happened to me. At one of the turns, just after the course crossed a road, there was a strong thorn-hedge which marked the turn and acted in place of rails. This horse always bored in a bit and cut his corners very sharp indeed—an amiable fault, perhaps, but on that you could not always count, as he had a hard side to his mouth; and if it happened to be on a course that was the reverse way, it was difficult to keep him in at the turns. As we came round this turn I had the inside place, and we had then only gone about three fields. He bored so unduly into this hedge that the thorns nearly dragged me off—and, in fact, did take the leather off the bar. I had a bigish weight, so was riding in a 10 lb. to 12 lb. steeplechasing saddle. The rest of the journey



FINAL TOUCHES: GETTING THE HURDLES READY FOR A STEEPLECHASE.—[Photograph by S. and G.]



TRAPPED AT A FENCE: TRYING TO RELEASE A HORSE.

Mr. Adam Scott's Beadnell got trapped recently at a fence on a steeplechase course. Our photograph shows the jockey trying to release his mount—not too easy a task.

Photograph by S. and G.

pulling the stirrup-iron back over his heel. If Manifesto had fallen there would have been no chance. Williamson would have been dragged, and certainly very badly hurt, if not killed. That was a great performance, and a great certificate for the tooth-pick calmness of a first-class cross-country artist. I say "tooth-pick calmness" as Williamson was very fond of chewing a tooth-pick whilst he was riding a 'chase. It is a very good tip—especially if you are not quite sure that you are fit enough to keep your mouth shut. Once get your mouth open when going at high speed and you will never get it shut again. Therefore, a tooth-pick!

People are fond of telling you that when you lose one stirrup, whether the leather breaks or it is torn off, the best thing is to cast the other one. I do not think so. I've had it happen, and I've always stuck to my other iron, on the principle of half a loaf being better than no bread. I remember once, when I was riding a very

was no joy-ride, I do assure you, for, as I say, this horse could pull like a tug-boat, and in such circumstances you want all the help you can get to conserve your energy. I happened then to be as fit as a fiddle, and as it was also a very muddy day, and I had to lie behind or get beaten easily, I collected what was almost as good as a stirrup—a liberal dose of mother earth, which gave me one a grip stronger than one would otherwise have had. I feel certain, however, that if I had cast my other iron, as some of the bookmen say that you should, I'd have been tired to death and cut an ignominious voluntary whenever he hit them—which, by the way, this particular customer was in the habit of doing.

And, apropos big weights and heavy saddles, I hate 'em! If you've got to put up a couple of stone in dead weight and are sitting on lead—how tiring! No; for comfort give me a weight that I can just do in a 6 lb. or even a 4 lb. saddle, and an Australian wallaby hide one for choice. I expect a good many people who read these notes will have ridden in them, and will endorse what I say. You cannot beat one of those narrow-grip Australian saddles for comfort—and stability. If you are any sort of a performer at all you cannot fall out of them, and for their weight they are the strongest and toughest things that are made. You can span the "grip" of most of them, and I've often wondered why our English saddlers have not adopted them as a pattern. For jump-race riding they are "the goods," and I've never met an English saddle to come up to them. For hunting in, of course, I would not have them at any price—I mean, that shape; but, for doing the dangerous between the flags, one of the Melbourne ones me all the time. The worst of it is, having a head like a sieve, I can't remember the makers; but any "Cornstalk" from Melbourne will tell you; and if the saddler in question doesn't send me a present of one of them just as a keepsake—not that I'm likely to ride in a 'chase again—then he isn't, like the rest of his countrymen, a sportsman

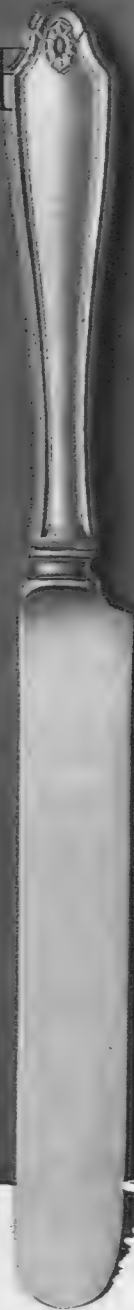
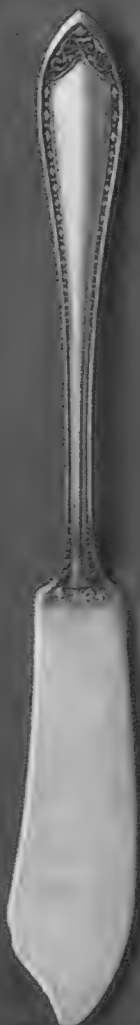
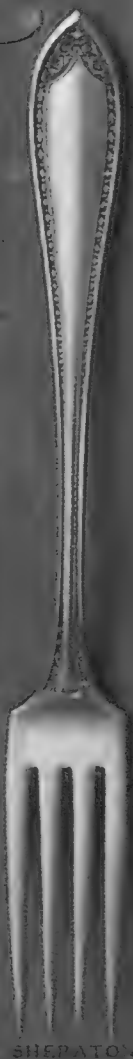
But where were we? Poethlyn? And the next National? Why not? It is by no means impossible—nothing is. All that I

[Continued on page xxx.]



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In point of quality COMMUNITY PLATE is unexcelled. It is heavily plated over all. In addition it is scientifically reinforced where most subject to wear with a visible disc of pure silver—thus it is practically wear-proof. In family use it lasts a lifetime.

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ON OPPORTUNITIES IN ARGENTINA.

By C. G. GREY, Editor of "The Aeroplane."

It rather looks as if this country is losing some good opportunities of getting business in aircraft abroad. A little while ago a young officer, late of the R.A.F., who was demobbed early in the year and has since been to Argentina and back, told me some remarkable facts about that delectable country which lead one to believe that it is the happy hunting ground of the aviator if ever he gets there. In the first place, the Argentinos have been making vast fortunes out of the war; and, as a natural consequence, are spending money with all that freedom which comes with easily won wealth. In the second place, despite the Latin descent of most of the people of the Argentine, the Argentino is a remarkably keen business man, and realises to the full that time is money. Also he realises—what is not commonly recognised by money-makers—that the more time that can be saved in making money the more time is left in which to spend it in an amusing manner.

A City of Speed—An Ideal Flying Centre.

Fast horses and fast motor-cars have always appealed to the Argentino, and one is told that there are probably more big fast cars in Buenos Ayres in proportion to its size than in any city in the world. It is natural, therefore, that the extraordinary speed of the aeroplane should make it popular in such a country, both for business and pleasure. And the country itself is particularly suited for aviation, both over land and water. Buenos Ayres itself is to southern South America what New York is to North America; but it is far better situated for air traffic, for, instead of only having communications with country in a half-circle round it, there is urgent need for good communication over almost a full circle. To the south, south-west, west, and north-west are great open plains, almost all grass land, on which an aeroplane can alight with safety anywhere. There is nothing in the way except a few hills, none of which are over a couple of thousand feet high, between Buenos Ayres and the foot-hills of the Andes.

An Opening for Air Mails.

Due north of Buenos Ayres is Paysandu, the heart of the cattle country, which includes the contiguous parts of Uruguay, Paraguay, and Argentina. Here, besides open country for land machines, there is an excellent river for seaplanes and flying-boats. It does not appear that the ordinary illiterate cow-puncher of the plains is very likely to want regular aerial mail services; but there is certainly an opening for mail-carrying between Buenos Ayres and Paysandu, between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, between Buenos Ayres and Rosario, and other places where it is important to the big cattle-dealing firms, meat-packers, and so forth to have quick communication with headquarters. Also, when the cattle men come into the towns for a spree, after months of monotony on the ranches, it seems likely that they would spend money freely on joy-riding if they had the opportunity. One hears that Captain Scott, of the Avro Company, has done rather well in the Paysandu district.

Scope for Flying Boats.

Probably the busiest air line of all would be that between Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, for there is naturally an immense amount of correspondence between the two capitals. All this correspondence

has at present to go by boats, which take five or six hours over the journey. A seaplane or flying-boat would do it in little over an hour. Also, one is told, there is great opportunity for a flying-boat service from Buenos Ayres to Colonia, on the Uruguayan shore, where the good Argentinos go by boat to gamble, casinos being heavily taxed in Argentina. There is also plenty of scope for flying-boats to take passengers down river to the sea-side places, and up river to various inland holiday resorts. Over and above all these physical and financial opportunities, the



ROME FROM A DIRIGIBLE: THE VICTOR EMMANUEL II. MEMORIAL, WITH THE FORUM BEYOND. Behind the white marble monument to Victor Emmanuel II. may be seen the Capitoline palaces, and to the left of them the ruins of the ancient Forum and the Palatine Gardens. In the left foreground is the Column of Trajan in Trajan's Forum.

climate is excellent all the year round. There is no fog. The *pampero* gales give plenty of warning of their arrival. And there are only two really wet months in the year.

Air Communication Over Floods.

In a north-easterly direction there is open cattle country, after crossing the La Plata River, all the way across Uruguay right up to the Brazilian border; but this country is liable to complete inundation in the winter. These floods have a habit of interrupting railway communication between Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, and Bahia Blanca, the big cattle port up to the north; and one hears that during the floods of last winter (June and July) Captain Shakspeare, of Air Travel and Transport, Ltd., who took a machine or two out to Buenos Ayres early this year, created an immense impression by carrying mails frequently over this flooded area, through torrential rains, when all other means of communication had broken down.

Britain Forestalled by Other Nations.

So far, barring the Airco and Avro ventures, the French and Italians have had things all their own way. Both countries have sent missions consisting of several crack pilots with the most modern machines, and with good business men in charge. Now the Americans are getting well in with flying-boats. An Italian pilot has flown from Buenos Ayres over the Andes to Valparaiso in Chile and back; and the Argentinos are immensely impressed with the observed possibilities of French and Italian machines. They like the British pilots and their machines, but they regard them as exceptions to the usual British rule. The other foreigners they accept as samples of more to come. It seems time for us to make use of some of the thousands of machines lying idle in this country.



Wana-Ranee

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The Perfume of Ceylon

A WELCOME CHRISTMAS GIFT
highly valued for its own sake and remaining a fragrant reminder of the giver if it is Wana-Ranee, the Perfume of Ceylon.

Wana-Ranee has a mystic charm entirely its own and is

A Dream of Oriental Fragrance

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Every requisite for the perfectly harmonious toilet which distinguishes the woman of taste is provided in the dainty series listed below.

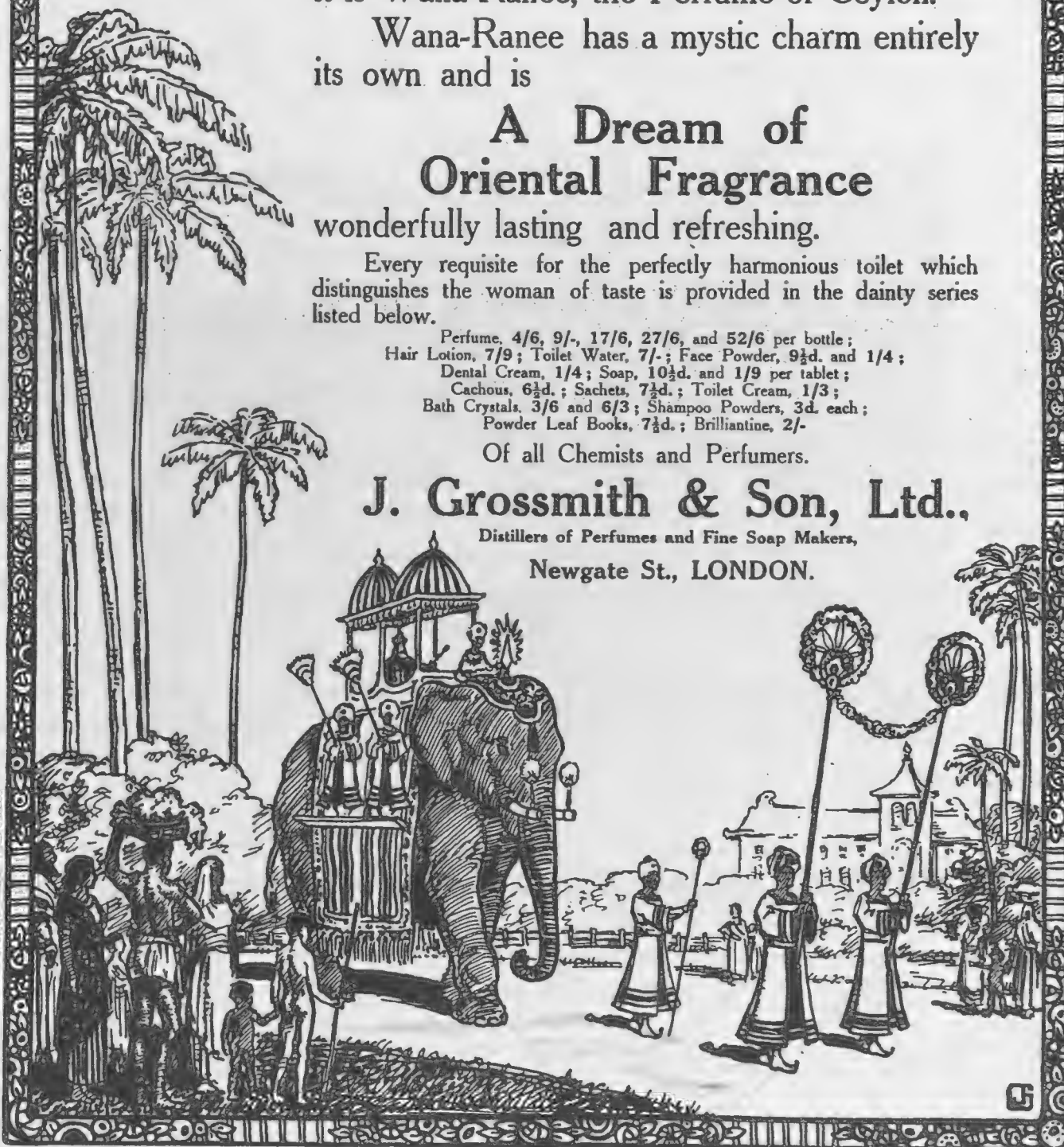
Perfume, 4/6, 9/-, 17/6, 27/6, and 52/6 per bottle;
Hair Lotion, 7/9; Toilet Water, 7/-; Face Powder, 9½d. and 1/4;
Dental Cream, 1/4; Soap, 10½d. and 1/9 per tablet;
Cachous, 6½d.; Sachets, 7½d.; Toilet Cream, 1/3;
Bath Crystals, 3/6 and 6/3; Shampoo Powders, 3d. each;
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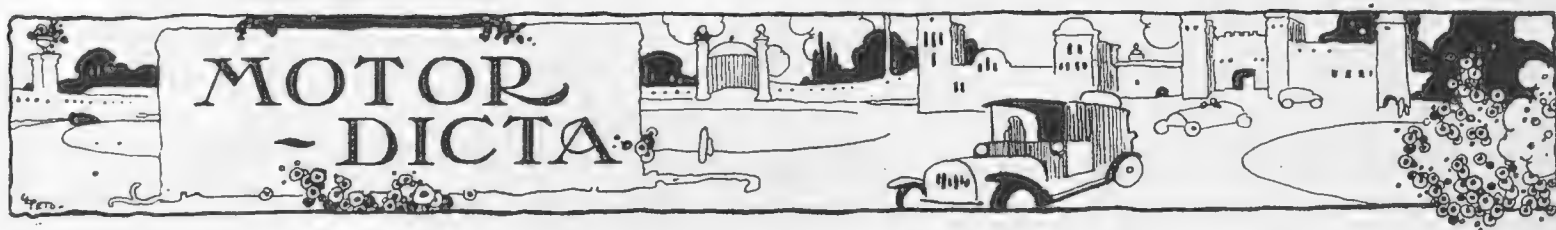
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J. Grossmith & Son, Ltd.,

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PRICE AND PREJUDICE—SURSUM NAPIER.

By GERALD BISS.

VOICES are being raised in the bisexual House of Commons and outside, protesting against the rise of automobile prices, and asking the "Great Auk" at the Board of Trade to institute one of his famous inquiries into the matter in order to see whether the bold bad British manufacturer is profiteering or not. I have referred before to this disheartening business of "up prices," and only come back to it as I am as anxious as anybody to see the atmosphere cleared, especially as I know for a fact that it is disgruntling purblind Labour, and making it either unwilling to be employed upon such super-luxurious work or determined to participate up to the hilt in any resultant profits. Personally, I do not for one moment think that the British manufacturers, especially the makers of the top-notchers, would for one moment object, but themselves would welcome such an inquiry, in full assurance of vindication upon the ever unpopular charge of profiteering.

Official Denials of Profiteering.

Mr. Frank Lanchester took several opportunities at the many gastronomic functions of the Olympiad to challenge any such suggestion; and Mr. "Alphabetical" Underdown, at the British manufacturers' own feast under the ægis of Prince Arthur of Connaught, pointed out that steel had advanced three times in price, aluminium twice, and timber three-and-a-half times; while labour had more than doubled, with an extra five shillings awarded the very week before the Show, and all establishment and overhead charges automatically put up on all sides by sectional strikes, with everything gradually becoming paralysed by the iron-founders' long voluntary holiday. In addition, all chassis in these days are offering far better and more expensive equipment, including electric lighting and starting sets in most cases as standard. I have neither space nor inclination for a long dissertation upon automobile economics; but it is obvious that prices have not gone up anything like in proportion, as manufacturers are honestly afraid to put them up to the hilt even to the newest of the richest—a weird and paradoxical situation, complicated at every point by lack of production. Further, with these highest priced and highest class cars, with their limited output, quantity production does not offer an ultimate road to a drop in prices, though I must say that the Armstrong-Siddeley are making a bold and plucky attempt in this direction, and offering unparalleled value. Economically, the situation is more profoundly disturbing to manufacturers than ever it can be to purchasers, who at least have the option of choosing whether they will pay the price or not. My own advice to the bemused manufacturers is themselves to press for such an inquiry—not only to open the eyes of purchasers and public outside all radius of hope of purchase, but of British labour as well, showing how parlous near it is coming to killing the goose that lays the paper

Fishers, and creating chaos thereby for their own dear selves in conjunction with everyone else.

And Still They Soar.

As I recorded at Olympia, the Rolls gaily roystered up to the British altitude record of £1850 chassis, and the Lanchester "lunched" to £1800, topping the Napier's challenging £1750; but the other day, just before trying the last-named, I got a letter from Mr. Vane, C.B.E., Napier Controller, to say that, more in sorrow than in chassis—I mean, anger or greed—he had been forced by such circumstances as stated above to jump his bare-boned chassis price up to £2100—whump, as they say in the classics! He is, of course, in a worse position than either the Rolls or the Lanchester or the Daimler, as he has brought into being, under circumstances of the utmost difficulty, an entirely new post-war model; and he is one who would gladly challenge an inquiry upon the question of costs. Whether in itself this policy of super-models at high prices is economically sound under post-war conditions is one question to my ill-balanced mind; but the necessity of the price in such cases is there all the same. Pay it, be you lucky enough to have sufficient superfluous Fishers—themselves such poor value in this papyric period.



USEFUL FOR CONTROLLING FAST MOTOR TRAFFIC AT NIGHT: AN "ILLUMINATED" AMERICAN POLICEMAN, AT BOSTON.

Boston has started a novelty in the form of illuminated police for directing traffic at night. They wear a red electric light on the helmet, and a white light on each shoulder; also broad white straps across the breast and long white gloves. The current for the lights is in two batteries carried in the overcoat pockets.—[Photograph by Topical.]

On Top All the Time.

And the car itself—apart from "Motor Dicta"

in October—was it not described in the first *Sketch* Motor Supplement in all its metallurgical and cylindrical

beauty: its clean design, making for lightness and efficiency, as the result of aeroplane experience and practice; its high horsepower developed in proportion to its light weight, making for economy in running and upkeep at every point? And now since last Sunday (Sunday week, according to *Sketch* chronology) I can speak personally of its perfect smoothness of internal-com-

bustion expression and sheer delight in running—silent, effortless power with the exertionless delight of explosive petrol translated into magic electricity. It felt like an aeroplane upon wheels without any realisation that the wheels were there at all—a glide along the King's highway. But, alas! it was no day, owing to low, clinging mist, to test any car; and only once or twice dared we glide over fifty miles per hour—and then you did not notice anything except the hedges of Herts kinematographically sliding away a bit faster on either side! We never went off top all day, but



PRACTICAL, BUT ON THE GRUESOME SIDE: A CAR THAT TAKES MANY SHAPES, FROM A HAY-CART TO A HEARSE.

The car can be converted into seven different types—a delivery van, wagonette, lorry, hay-cart, sheep-dray, ambulance, or hearse. The last-named form is here illustrated.—[Photograph by I.B.]

the weather baulked any strenuous test, a thing to which I am looking forward when the sun recovers his rubicund good-humour—if and when—and the roads cease to slither and the fog to obfuscate. But I must add that we struck by mistake some five or six miles over a narrow cart-track over which I was positively ashamed to take some £3000-worth of car-and-corpus; but it behaved as handily and much more good-temperedly than any taxi in London traffic.



"I'm in luck!"

"I was afraid I should have to take a Kenilworth home unsmoked!"

"That would be *too* tantalizing—to be without a light for your favourite cigarette. But tell me why you find them so fascinating?"

"Ah! they are like you, —perfectly irresistible."

Like all the best things in life, the War has left Kenilworths untouched. In size, in shape, in excellence of packing—that famous Kenilworth packing which is a fine art; above all in quality, Kenilworths are still as they always were, the best possible in Virginia cigarettes.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain —at any price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/4 for 20, 3/3 for 50, 6/6 for 100

FOR THE FRONT.—We will post Kenilworth Cigarettes to Soldiers at the Front specially packed in airtight tins of 50 at 2/9 per 100, duty free. Postage 1/- for 200 to 300; 1/4 up to 900. **Minimum order 200.** Order through your Tobacconist or send remittance direct to us. Postal Address: 10, Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

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COPE BROS. & CO., LTD.,
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON,
Manufacturers of High-class Cigarettes



New Pearls for Old.

The sea has its pearls; and when it does yield them it's only the fortunate few who can afford to wear them. It's a sad fact that, in spite of all the Apostolic emphasis laid on virtue unadorned, women like to look nice as well as to be good. And, when it comes to

looking nice, there's nothing quite so helpful as a pearl ornament, for pearls set off a beautiful skin and improve an indifferent one. But, alas and alas! desire generally goes far beyond the limits of a moderate income. Nature, who seems to have a love for complications, has taken good care to see that almost every little girl who is born into this world alive is endowed with a taste for frocks and frills and beautiful ornaments that have no relation whatever to her rank or social position. But, after all, the world's not so badly mismanaged as some folks think, and there's beauty for everyone if one only knows how to set about getting hold of it.

Then and Now.

There was a time when the prejudice against anything but a genuine pearl was so strong that women went without rather than risk unfavourable comments on obvious reproductions. But that was before the Tecla Company, of 7, Old Bond Street, came along with wonderful reproductions of precious stones, and even more remarkable pearls, to overcome prejudice and make hundreds of women happy. The place that Tecla pearls occupy in women's affections is well deserved. How could any woman with decent feeling do anything but love an ornament that helped her to be fashionable without making undue demands on her allowance?

Flowers for the Home.

Flowers, like everything else, have gone up in price. It's difficult, isn't it, to think of "modest" violets, and homely small yellow and bronze chrysanthemums, and rainbow anemones indulging in inflated ideas of their own worth, and scorning to become the property of the mistress of the modest-sized house whose one extravagance in pre-war days was "flowers for the drawing-room"? But those days are gone, at least for the present, and her flowerless dining- or drawing-room is not the lightest of the domestic trials the post-war hostess has to bear. She might have had to carry it indefinitely if it hadn't been for Gorrings', in Buckingham Palace Road, who, searching for something that women would truly appreciate as a gift, hit on the happy idea of including beautiful artificial flowers among their Christmas stock. Giant poppies, shaded purple thistles, Cape gooseberry, and glowing poinsettias, so natural as to defy detection except under closest examination, are the kind of thing that any woman would rejoice to see in her house.

Beauty for the Head.

Not that Gorrings' restrict themselves to merely frivolous flowers. Practical presents are the order of the season, and Dolores illustrates the becoming virtues of gold tissue twisted

into an evening head-dress, with the charming addition of leaves so arranged that earrings become unnecessary. Caps in tissue and net, the latter gem or jet or bead embroidered, both for theatre and dinner wear, are the latest novelty offered by the Mode. Shoulder-wraps and stoles in soft white marabout, corsage ornaments in flowers of wonderful colourings, and decorative posies in equally decorative boxes are other things calculated to delight any woman.

New Times, New Presents.

Was there ever a time when the woman who received a hat as a Christmas present took it as a reflection on her own good taste? There may have been; but, if there was, most surely that time has now passed. Try some woman friend with one of the new folded white kid and nutria toques, or the diminutive hats in golden or silver tissue brocade that make the millinery salons at John Barker's in Kensington High Street look like an Aladdin's cave of jewels, and see what happens.

Paradise on Earth. One hat is shown on this page. Expressed in black velvet, decoration is supplied by crossed tufts of natural paradise plumes. But paradise plumes are beyond the reach of some people, though that's no reason why every woman shouldn't experience the joys of wearing a becoming and smart hat. Looking nice is the thing that matters, and one can do it most remarkably well in a small, almost brimless

model of russet-brown silk on velvet, the golden motifs decorating which gleam through a graceful floating veil. Fur hats and toques, too, are enjoying a run of favour. It's not surprising when hat artists exert themselves to add beauty to the world in the shape of becoming models in white fur and richly coloured Oriental brocades. Moleskin and sable squirrel are used for the same good end; and ermine, with tails to proclaim it the genuine article, is not above giving its services for toque duty.

[Continued overleaf.]

Wonderful caps and head-dresses can be seen at Gorrings'.



"HOUNDS ran into their
fox fifteen miles from
home—

But the car with its built-for-
service Dunlop tyres ate up
the miles and we were home
almost before the light failed."

No tyre trouble to spoil a
good day's sport, because
Dunlop tyres are *always*
satisfactory-in-service.

Dunlop

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TRADE MARK.

Jays. A gift from Jays is one to take a real pride in, the name being a guarantee of style and smartness, as well as of genuine worth. A beautiful coat will be much loved by any lady. I saw one at Jays, of sable, which could not be



"BEAUTIFUL AND DISTINCTIVE": A LIGHTLY KNITTED WOOLLEN JUMPER WITH A STYLISH ROLL COLLAR. (JAYS.)

repeated at double the price asked for it. There is a chance to be generous and make a good investment. A lovely long, straight-backed cape is in Kolinsky, and has, of course, the high, deep collar. A new working of mole, exclusive to Jays, is very distinguished; and mole is delightfully combined with velvet for capes, with a fine effect of elegance. Ratine coats, trimmed with coneynutria, are very smart. Indeed, it would be impossible to find a more attractive set of coats and capes than at Jays. The name is assurance of the latest murmur in fashion. Scores of smaller gifts are provided at this great house, in beautiful and distinctive jumpers, from 4 to 7½ guineas, in wool, silk, cashmere, or artificial silk. Jays' gloves have a magnificent and well-earned reputation. Of these, always acceptable gifts, there is a fine variety. Another useful and much-appreciated gift is stockings, which have the unmistakable Jay *cachet* about them—a *cachet* of special attraction to every elegant woman.

Yardley.

Summer days, alas! are gone; but sweet memories are with us of lazy days in a fair garden, and the perfume of the lavender-bushes on the hot air. This delightful fragrance can be in our homes in the winter if we will send to Messrs. Yardley, 8, New Bond Street, for their "Old English Lavender Soap," which is supplied in boxes of three large tablets for 3s. 6d. It is made with expert care, and can be used on the most delicate baby's skin. Every nursery should have a tablet in constant use, as it is one of the most aristocratic of toilet soaps. The lavender soap is first cousin to Yardley's perfumery, which can also be had put up in dainty and attractive bottles. Lavender-water and other scents are excellent. No gift at Christmas-tide is more valued than a selection of these well-known toilet adjuncts.



EVOKING SWEET MEMORIES: "VANITY FAIR" PERFUME. (YARDLEY.)

which may be the daily companion of a busy writer. The ease with which a Swan fountain pen travels over the paper makes you long for your friends to try one. They are made by Messrs. Mable Todd and Co., but can be obtained from any stationer. Special "Presentation" pens are supplied in handsome cases, and are made in silver or solid gold. The rolled-gold is also very well made, and lasts for years, being guaranteed not to tarnish. Little adjuncts sold with the pens are most useful. The "easy-fill" filler, which cleans and fills in a few seconds without unscrewing, and the "Swan" metal pocket should be added by the purchaser, thus making the present complete.

"Sonora" Gramophone.

Christmas festivities cannot be complete without music to enliven a home; and if a "Sonora" Gramophone be purchased, there is no need to call on your guests for a 'little music.' One of the special features of the "Sonora" is the tone-modifier, by means of which the tone

can be regulated to suit the size of the room and taste of the owner. "Sonora" double or triple-spring motors are employed, capable of running forty to fifty minutes with one winding, and one winding will play fifteen records. These are all advantages, but there are many others, such as the universality principle of building. These gramophones play all types of disc records without any changing of tubes or sound-box. No better investment than one of these splendid instruments, introduced to the public by Messrs. Keith, Prowse and Co., Ltd., can be suggested, especially as the woodwork

is in many cases copied from the artistic periods of Louis XV. and XVI., or the earlier Gothic designs of the fifteenth century. They can therefore be selected to harmonise equally well in my lady's boudoir or the lounge-hall of any mansion.

Wilson and Gill.

There is a *cachet* about a present from Wilson and Gill, the Goldsmiths, of 139-141, Regent Street, because from that firm come the most exclusive of beautiful things in jewellery, clocks, watches, and goldsmiths and silversmiths' work, also



GIFTS WITH A *CACHET*: A WRISTLET WATCH ON AN EXPANDING GOLD BRACELET; AND AN "AEROPLANE" CLOCK. (WILSON AND GILL.)

in plate. The aeroplane clock does record the flying hours in the most attractive and interesting way, for the frames of the reliable eight-day timepieces are made of the wood from propellers of aerial craft familiar to flying men, for whom nothing could be a more welcome gift. A wristlet watch on an expanding gold bracelet having double springs, absolutely safe, very durable, and slipping easily over the hand, is a really useful and most desirable present. One in which the watch is surrounded with diamonds costs £45, the diamonds set in platinum. There are quantities of delightful gifts at all prices at this fine shop, and the firm is publishing a list in which the prices are set forth throughout. It will be sent free on application, and forms a good guide in choosing presents.

Brook and Son.

Brook and Son, George Street, Edinburgh, are celebrated for their novelties, but they also specialise in reproductions of the ancient "Quaich," known to every Highlander as a cup of kindness, be it filled with Athol brose or steaming broth or porridge. Made in wood, horn, or the more luxurious silver; these bowls are very suitable for children's porringers; and the smaller sizes are very pretty if filled with almonds or sweets on a dinner-table. The plainness of the bowl makes for cleanliness. And the "lugs," or handles, are often made of pierced silver on the ornamental pattern, or of plain silver on the horn or



"A CUP OF KINDNESS": A HIGHLAND "QUAICH," MADE IN SILVER, HORN, OR WOOD. (BROOK AND SON.)

wooden design. Every "Quaich" is guaranteed by Messrs. Brook and Son to be of Scottish origin, and bears the Edinburgh hall mark, and therefore it makes a gift of distinction, and is particularly charming for a Christmas present.

[Continued overleaf.]

ATKINSONS

COFFRETS AND PERFUME SETS

The Gift of Pleasant Surprises acceptable to every woman

COFFRET "INSOUCIANCE"

contains a large bottle of Perfume, a box of Complexion Powder, 2 Tablets of Fine Toilet Soap and 2 Silk Corsage Sachets, in an Artistic silk covered case.

75/-
as
Illustrated

COFFRETS ARE ALSO ISSUED IN THE
CHEF D'ŒUVRE, MUGUET, AND
VIOLETTE PERFUMES.

THE "INSOUCIANCE" PERFUME SET

| | | | |
|---------------------|------|--------------------------------------|-----|
| Perfume | 39-6 | Bath Salts | 9-6 |
| Complexion Powder | 5-6 | Fine Toilet Soap | 7-6 |
| Bowl of Bath Soap | 20-0 | Compressed Toilet Powder for Handbag | 2-6 |
| Bath Dusting Powder | 10-6 | 3 Silk Sachets | 6-0 |

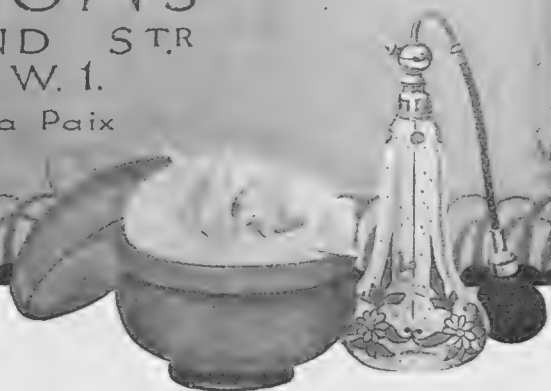
Complete with the illustrated
Gilt Mounted Perfume Spray 39-6
Alabaster Puff Bowl 29-6

170/-

without Spray and Bowl 101/-
Carriage Paid in the British Isles

ATKINSONS
24 OLD BOND STR
LONDON W. 1.

and 2 Rue de la Paix
Paris



MILES "AHEAD" in Tailoring

TO the discriminating man to-day the difference between the cost of really good clothes and those of inferior quality is so slight that he unhesitatingly decides in favour of the former. He knows that an extra guinea on the price is going to make all the difference, that it will at least treble the service of the clothes and the satisfaction of the wearer.

IT stands to reason, that when a West End firm of Tailors organised on modern lines, and backed by nearly 80 years' experience, lays itself out to meet present-day needs, its Customers are going to reap the benefit. An excellent example thus offered will be found in the new "MILES" overcoat, here shown, which they are making at prices ranging from £8-8-0. This is essentially the type of overcoat a man wants nowadays—distinctive, but none the less serviceable. In style, cut, fit, and finish, it is of course beyond criticism, while the wide range of exclusive materials they hold enables men of the most fastidious taste to find complete satisfaction.

N.B.—In our Ready-for-Wear Department, we have a large and exclusive stock of Overcoats, in all styles and fittings, cut and made in our own Establishment, at £8-8-0

A visit of inspection is respectfully invited.

ALFRED WEBB MILES & Co.

Naval, Military and Civil Tailors,

12, 10, & 8 Brook St., Hanover Sq., W.1

Telephone—Mayfair 988. Telegrams—"Webb Miles" London



**Hawley's
Hygienic
Black**
British Dye

FOR COTTON & THREAD HOSE & SOCKS

The dignified
beauty of
Black Stockings
suits everybody.
They are always
fashionable—
if Hawley-dyed-Black.

Hawley's of Hinckley dye all good makes of Cotton or Thread Stockings and Socks with their warranted hygienic fast Black Dye, and each Stocking bears this stamp

**HAWLEY'S HYGIENIC
DYE
WARRANTED
STAINLESS & ACID PROOF**

It permits you to distinguish stainless Black Stockings that will wear well, wash well, and stay Black always.

All good makes and styles of Cotton or Thread Hose are Hawley-Dyed-Black—ask your Draper to show them.

A. E. HAWLEY & Co., Ltd., Sketchley Dye Works, HINCKLEY, England. H22

**Cotton or Thread Stockings
or Socks are best if
Hawley - dyed - Black.**



Look for the Grocer who "features" BIRD'S Custard.

You can depend upon him to sell the best in most other kinds of food. "Any kind" will not do for his customers.

The grocer gets to know what's good. All day long he is speaking with his customers, and of course he tries for himself. He knows that thinking Mothers buy only *BIRD'S*, the purest and most nutritious Custard. These shrewd buyers know that in Bird's Custard they have the best value for money.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

with stewed fruit combines health and nutrition in one delicious economical dish.

There is no custard so pure or so wholesome as BIRD'S, the Nutritious Custard.



C3266

Lingerie for Gifts



CAMISOLE

A lovely Bel-Broid Camisole of Superfine Tarantulle, prettily hand-embroidered with open worked design, and threaded across bust with ribbon

Finished at waist with beading. Price 10/-

Hand-Embroidered BEL - BROID in Tarantulle

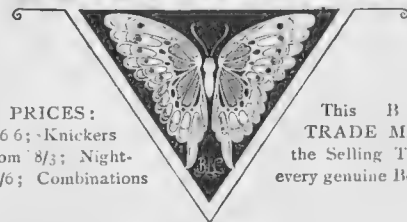
If you wish to make gifts that will appeal to your friends and also prove serviceable, you will give Bel-Broid Lingerie.

The exquisite Bel-Broid hand-embroidery of the famed French and Belgian needlewomen makes irresistible appeal to feminine taste; and the Tarantulle fabric gratifies by its chaste whiteness and wonderfully long-lasting softness. Bel-Broid is also supplied in other materials of delicate pink, helio, lemon and sky. The moderate prices are instanced below.

SELECTION ON APPROVAL

If you would like to see sample garments, say whether you prefer simple or elaborate embroidery; and, if Tarantulle, whether Standard, Fine, or Superfine weight. With your order please enclose cash deposit for approximate cost. The big Christmas demand for Bel-Broid makes this necessary.

Bel-Broid



SPECIMEN PRICES:
Camisoles from 6/6; Knickers or Chemises from 8/3; Night-gresses from 13/6; Combinations from 12/6.

This **BUTTERFLY** **TRADE MARK** appears on the Selling Ticket attached to every genuine Bel-Broid garment.

Address—Madame J. BELGEMBROID LINGERIE CO.,
MONAGHAN.

P.E.D.

Scientific Exercises for the FACE



All such facial disfigurements as double-chins, wrinkles round the eyes, crowsfeet, lines and hollows, can be successfully eliminated by the practice of Mme. EVE's scientific exercises.

A lady writes from Jersey:—"I fancied my face had improved already, but yesterday a friend remarked how much better I was looking, saying, 'you look fresher and you have lost that tired look round your eyes.' I am delighted with the result."

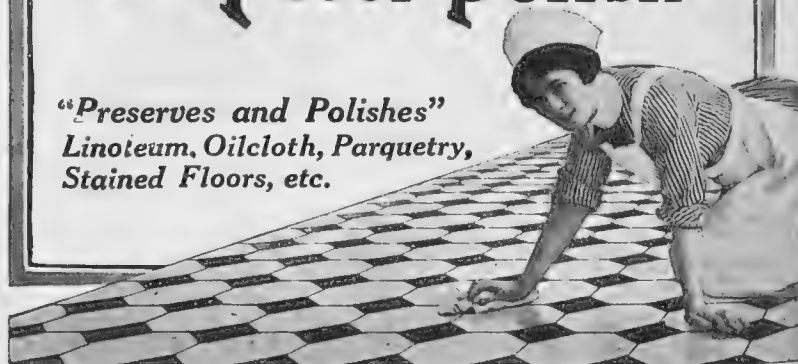
Mme. Elizabeth EVE

Mme. Eve's exercises are simple and efficacious and occupy only a few minutes daily. Write for Booklet "C" giving full particulars to

55, Berners St., Oxford St., London, W. 1.

Stephenson's Floor Polish

"Preserves and Polishes"
Linoleum, Oilcloth, Parquetry,
Stained Floors, etc.



1919 Useful Xmas Gifts

The huge Barker Store at Kensington, with resources for practical gifting impossible to detail, is at the service of customers for Xmas shopping from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. In all the gift sections, where so much depends on the timely despatch of goods, it cannot be too earnestly impressed on all the wisdom of making the choice of Seasonable Gifts as early as possible.

An Old English Town for the Children

Occupying the whole of the huge floor above the Restaurant, 2,000 sup. feet.

Multitudes of Toys, heaped in real booths and in real old houses, with quaint swinging signs, village green, and all complete.

TOYS OF EVERY DENOMINATION—FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

BARKER
GIFT BOOK
POST FREE

Barkes

ORDERS
OVER £1
POST FREE

JOHN BARKER AND COMPY., LTD., KENSINGTON, W 8

ECONOMY

The "Diana" Burner

SAVES GAS

BRITISH MADE THROUGHOUT

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

NEW SELF-INTENSIFYING PATTERN
Gives a brilliant light with the lowest possible consumption.

Finished in bright nickel, oxydised copper, antique brass or polished brass.

12/6

B. DANBY & CO., Ltd.,

(Dept. S.)

CHARLOTTE ST., HULL.

KENNETH DURWARD LTD.

The Premier House for Country, Sporting, and Travelling Garments.



Our new designs in
OVERCOATS AND SPORTING SUITS
are now ready and are absolutely unrivalled for their **Distinctive Appearance and Practical Usefulness.**

A large selection of
OVERCOATS
in distinctive styles and colours kept ready for immediate wear or to order.

NEW SUITINGS FOR TOWN, COUNTRY, AND GOLFING WEAR

Our fully illustrated Catalogue with patterns and Self-Measurement form on application.

Officers home on leave or demobilised can secure a Golf and Sporting Jacket ready for immediate wear, in all sizes and colours.

Patterns and prices sent on application.



THE S.B. "AINTREE."
A perfectly balanced easy-fitting Coat. Distinctive in appearance, and thoroughly waterproof, it is a garment of unapproachable excellence for Town, Country, Travelling, and general use.

THE "HO" GOLF JACKET.
Pronounced by the Leading Golfers and Sportsmen to be the best Sporting Coat yet invented. The Expanding Pleats allowing the wearer complete freedom in any position.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Comfort in winter is certain in a



SIZAIRE-BERWICK

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CATALOGUE WITH SPECIFICATION OF THE SIZAIRE-BERWICK CAR
WILL BE SENT ON APPLICATION TO SIZAIRE-BERWICK, LTD., DEPT. 07,
PARK ROYAL, LONDON, N.W. 10. Telephone 2499 Willesden.

RESERVE POWER

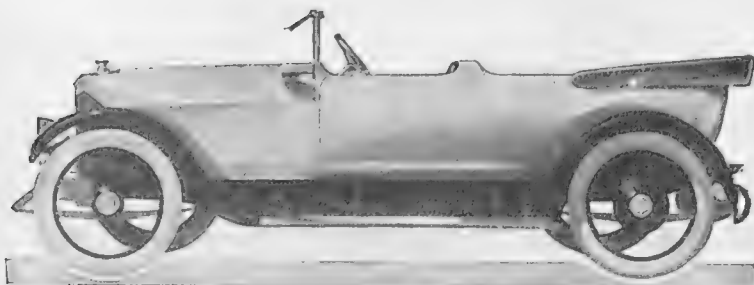
which carries the car over the hills, which responds to the most insistent demands of the road, and is always there—ready for service—is one of the dominant features of the

Crossley
For Use and the Power

25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Model.

Chassis Price (including Electric Starter and Lighting) . . . £950

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.,
Builders of Quality Cars, MANCHESTER.
London Office and Service Depot:
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Cord Tyres

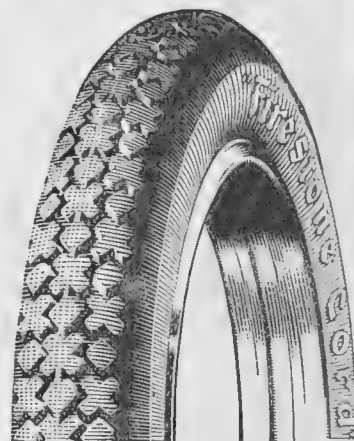
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GREATER MILEAGE.
FUEL SAVING.
SMOOTHER RIDING.

That's what you get from Firestone Super Cord Tyres. 8,000 to 15,000 miles' wear, more miles per gallon of fuel, more air, more resiliency, less road resistance, longer tyre life and fewer delays.

WHY YOU GET IT IN
FIRESTONE CORD TYRES.

Because of numerous plies of heavy cord, each insulated by purest gum and protected by a heavy layer of cushion stock, breaker strip and tough, resilient tread.



MOST MILES PER SHILLING

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Telegrams: "Firtirubbo Ox. London."

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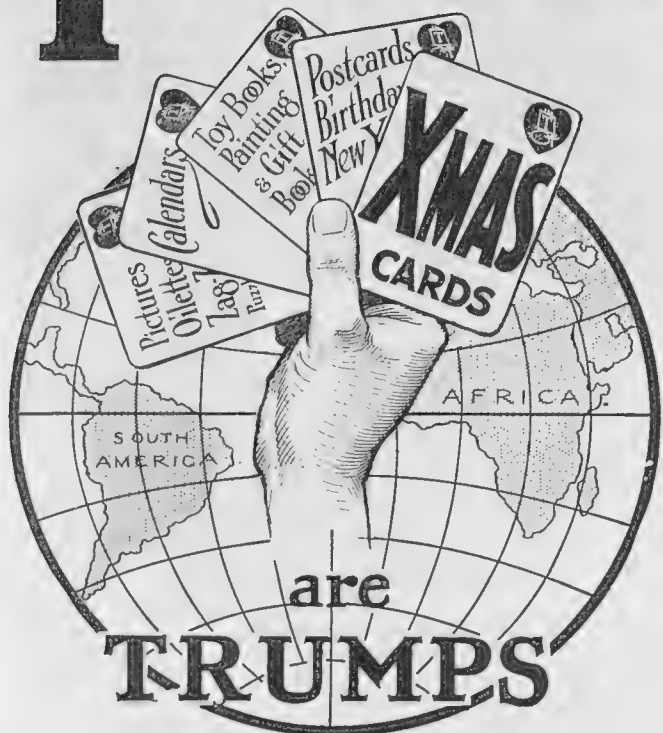
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TRUMPS
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LOOK FOR NAME & TRADE MARK

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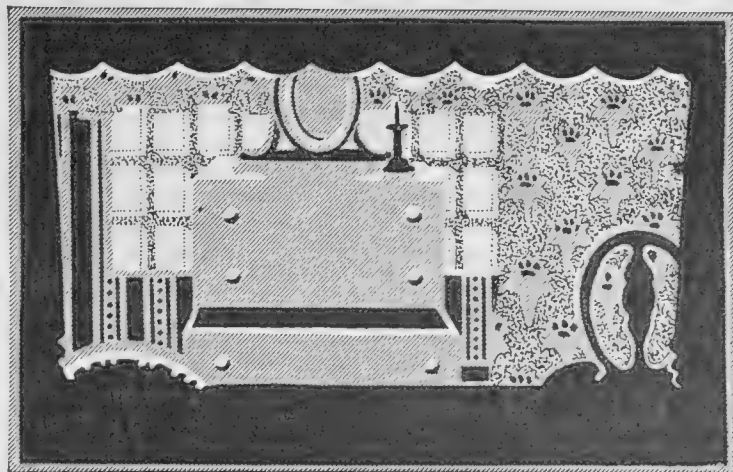
*Pour Votre
Toilette, Madame.*

The fine perfume and acknowledged soothing and softening qualities of Malacéine Toilet Cream make it a valuable and elegant product that completes to perfection a lady's toilet.

Without claiming supernatural qualities and without pretensions of giving beauty to woman, who is indeed herself the sum of beauty, the Malacéine Toilet Cream constitutes for a woman's toilet an adjunct of sober refinement. It is most pleasant to use and gives the skin a lasting freshness and fragrance.

MALACEÏNE
CRÈME DE TOILETTE

Prices: Cream 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. per jar; Powder 3s. and 4s. per box. The Malacéine series of the Parfumerie Monpelas (Paris)—Toilet Cream, Toilet Powder, Toilet Soap and Perfumes—can be obtained from all first-class Chemists, Perfumers and Stores. Wholesale only from William Topp, Ltd., London, S.E. 1.



Chiffonelle adds a subtle charm to the romance of the "Bottom Drawer."

THE delightful vogue of fashioning one's Trousseau Lingerie from dainty-coloured, and in many instances figured material, finds a wealth of scope and original suggestion in Chiffonelle, the exquisite cotton fabric.

Chiffonelle is the cosiest underwear material imaginable—so soft and warm, and yet absolutely durable and practical.

There is a wide selection of Printed Designs to choose from, also plain shades, plain White and plain Black.

Its soft clinging nature makes it pre-eminently suitable for Boudoir Gowns and Children's Frocks.

*Grafton's
Chiffonelle*

The Perfect Washing Fabric for Winter Lingerie. 32 inches wide. 2/11½ per yard. Plain Art Shades or Printed.

See that the name "Grafton Chiffonelle" is stamped on the selvage and on the tab of ready-made garments.

If your local draper is out of stock, write to
GRAFTON'S, 69, WATLING ST., E.C.4
and a selection of patterns will be sent to you post free.



**EARTH, SEA
AND SKY.**

"TRIPLEX" is ubiquitous in its uses. It is essential to safe transport by earth, sea and air, in addition to having a thousand uses in factories and workshops, in stores, exhibitions and private houses. There is no other unsplinterable glass in the world.

**THE
TRIPLEX SAFETY
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Reginald Delpach
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Telephone: Regent 1321-2
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'TRIPLEX' Safety GLASS

Why not your Own Garage?



HOW inconvenient for you to have to garage your car outside! In addition to their economy in saving garage charges, the B. & P. Motor-Car Houses are solid constructions of selected material and first-class workmanship, specially designed to keep the car immune from all weather risks. Easily erected and made in many designs, they are offered at moderate prices within reach of almost every motor owner.

No.17—PORTABLE WOOD MOTOR-CAR HOUSE, (as illustrated) is constructed of strong deal framing, mortised and tenoned. Roof covered with galvanised iron, lined with felt and match-boarded. Early delivery. Made in sections, and easily erected by a handyman. Sizes from 15 ft. x 18 ft. to 24 ft. x 18 ft. Full specification and estimate on application.

Enquiries invited for Portable Sheds, Greenhouses, Garden Frames, Garden Ironwork, Verandahs, Kennels, Poultry Appliances, and Wood Buildings of all kinds.

Boulton & Paul Ltd.
NORWICH

London Office: 135-7 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

A Present and an Investment

IF you decide to buy your "man" either a nice case of razors, or a safety shaver, see that each blade bears a certain name. Then your gift will be his close ally for all time.

THAT NAME IS

WILKINSON

A Guarantee of Excellence

THE NAME THAT COUNTS IN THE RAZOR WORLD



SAFETY SHAVER

1920 MODEL

With 7 real solid blades,
not the thin "use & throw
away" kind

PRICE **30/-**

OF ALL LEADING STORES

CASE OF 'SPECIAL' RAZORS

(With Ivory Handles)

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| Case with 2 razors .. | £1 12 6 |
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WILKINSON SWORD Co., Ltd.,

Gun, Sword & Equipment Makers, Razor Manufacturers

53 PALL MALL, LONDON S.W. 1.

Managing Director: T. H. RANDOLPH.

Works: ACTON, W.



By Appointment.

A REALLY GOOD COMBINATION

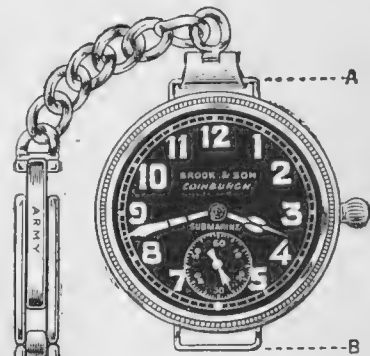
THAT THIS WRISTLET is scientifically and soundly constructed one minute's consideration will prove. In the centre are two elongated, curved links which glide on highly tempered and specially alloyed gold springs; these gently "give" with every movement of the muscle. To each is attached a solid flat curb chain, a guarantee in itself of strength and safety; never yet have we seen a broken link.

To ensure an exact fit send a strip of paper the total circumference of your wrist and state the width of your watch from A—B (see illustration). Ladies should specify the narrow model.

Silver - { Burnished, 21/-
Oxidised, 23/6

Postage 6d. extra.

9-ct. Gold { Gent's £5 10s.
Ladies' £4 10s.



THE "SUBMARINE" WRIST WATCH,

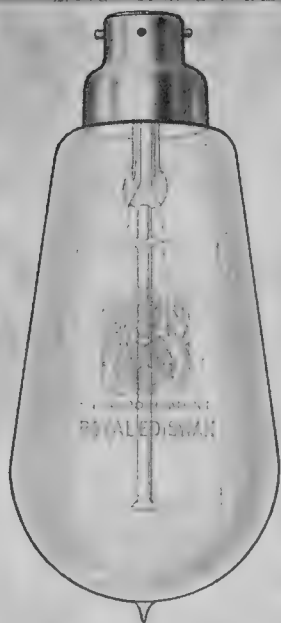
which in the illustration is shown attached to the wristlet, has a unique combination of features. It is absolutely weatherproof, perfectly non-magnetic, unaffected by changes of temperature, and is fitted with a highly luminous dial and hands. As a good watch at a reasonable price we recommend it.

With Leather Strap, £4 10s.

You are safe in ordering, because, if after a reasonable trial you wish to do so, a return of the wristlet or watch will command a refundment in full of your remittance.

BROOK & SON, 87, GEORGE ST. WEST, EDINBURGH.

Goldsmiths
To His Majesty
the King



ROYAL
EDISWAN



THE LIGHT OF
OTHER DAYS
WAS POOR INDEED
IN COMPARISON WITH
THE BRILLIANCE OF
MODERN LAMPS

USE

ROYAL EDISWAN
DRAWN WIRE & 1/2 WATT TYPE LAMPS

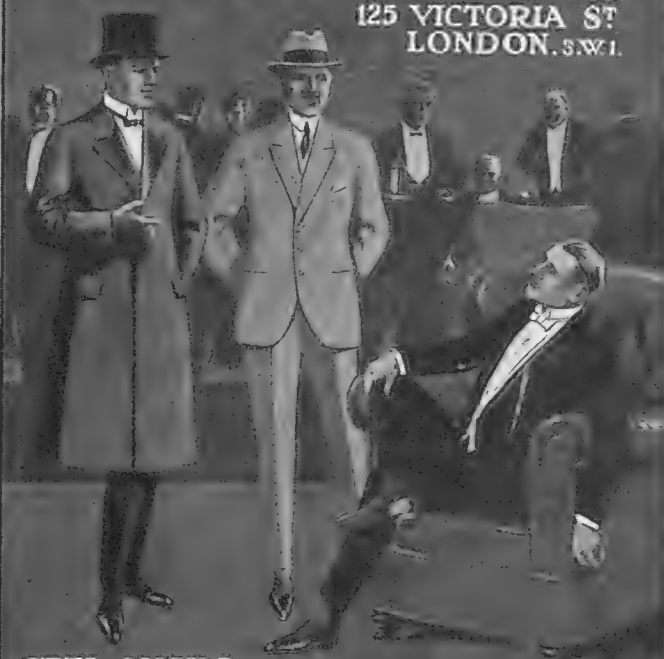
ENGLISH EDISWAN. EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

B&C

BERKELEYS

LIMITED.

125 VICTORIA ST
LONDON, S.W.1.



CIVIL, NAVAL,
MILITARY TAILORS & OUTFITTERS.
BERKELEYS PREDOMINANT AMONG
LONDON TAILORS.

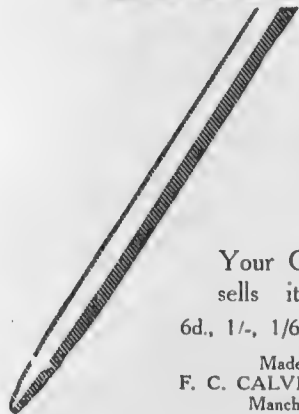
Tele. (GRAND) : "FITTEDNESS, 60 WEST, LONDON."
Phone : "VICTORIA 7908, 7909."

Make sure

that you clean every part of
your teeth — brushing them
from the gums up and down
as well as across.

MAKE SURE that the cleaning
you do give them every day is
thorough and antiseptic—and de-
lightfully refreshing, too, by using

Calvert's
CARBOLIC
Tooth Powder



Your Chemist
sells it — in
6d., 1/-, 1/6 & 5/- tins.

Made by
F. C. CALVERT & Co.,
Manchester.



Great Barker Value
ATTACHE CASE

SENT POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

A NEW
BARKER
SPECIAL-
ITY MADE
OF REAL
COWHIDE
SADDLER
SEWN



Size
14 x 8 x 3 1/2

Made from Real Hide, Tan Colour, lined inside Green, Real
Leather Pockets for Stationery. Leather-bound Book. Leather-
cornered Writing Board. Loops for Pen and Pencil. Pockets
for Cards and Stamps, fitted Stationery complete. Two Locks
and Key. Two Straps over Front Pockets which secure
Papers. Really a charming Case. Will wear for years.
Sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom.
JOHN BARKER AND COMPANY, LTD., KENSINGTON, W.8.

27/6

BARKERS
KENSINGTON W.



Mason's
O.K.
Sauce
FRUITY, APPETISING
AND DIGESTIVE.

*As supplied by Warrant of Appointment
to the House of Lords.*



Men know every
shaving comfort

—when they use

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

The action of the lather on the beard is to remove the oily covering on each hair. Then the water can get at the hair to soften it. So the one logical place to mix the lather is on the face, where every motion of the brush not only works the lather up but works it in. This Colgate way—without the cup—makes unnecessary any messy rubbing-in with the fingers.

Sold Everywhere.

Packed in a handsome nickel box that will not rust; most convenient, and always ready for use.



COLGATE & CO.
Established 1806
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1
Makers of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

MORNY

BATH DUSTING AND COMPLEXION POWDERS

ARE THE "FOUNDATION" AND "FINISHING TOUCH" OF
BEAUTY'S TOILETTE

Perfumed "Chaminade" June Roses
or "Mystérieuse"
Bath Dusting Powder 5/-
Complexion Powder (11 Tints) 5/-

Of all Dealers in High Class Perfumery
or direct from **MORNY FRÈRES LTD**
201 REGENT ST. W.



Send it to Pullars



Your Evening or Dinner Gown, Opera Cloak or Wrap, Ball Dress or Dancing Frock. For the Cleaning of such dainty, delicate garments the Pullar process is unrivalled. No material in good condition is too fragile to be cleaned by Pullars' expert workers.

Evening Hose and Shoes Dry Dyed pale shades to match Gowns. Prices are moderate and returns are prompt. Orders received at any of Pullars 4000 Agencies or Branch Offices.

Return carriage paid on all orders sent direct to

PULLARS CLEANERS & DYERS PERTH

Exquisite Cuisine.
Unique
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Theatre Suppers at the TROCADERO

Served in the most attractive
Salon in the West End—
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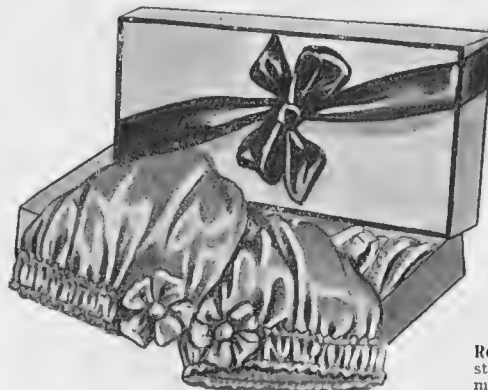
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The natural-parting Toupet and Transformation

Is worn by many, but *invisible* to all. It enables any woman to regain her youthful charm and appearance. "La Naturelle" is equally adaptable to any style of hair-dressing, whether with a parting—in any position—or without one. The hair has the appearance of actually growing from the scalp—detection is impossible. You can prove this for yourself by a visit to our Salons, or by sending to Dept. 4 for an "Appro." selection or Catalogue de Luxe.

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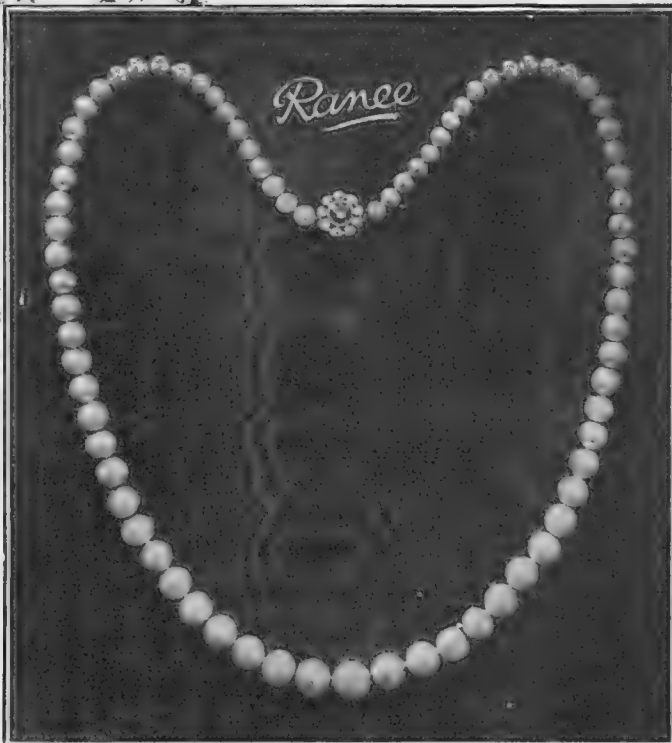
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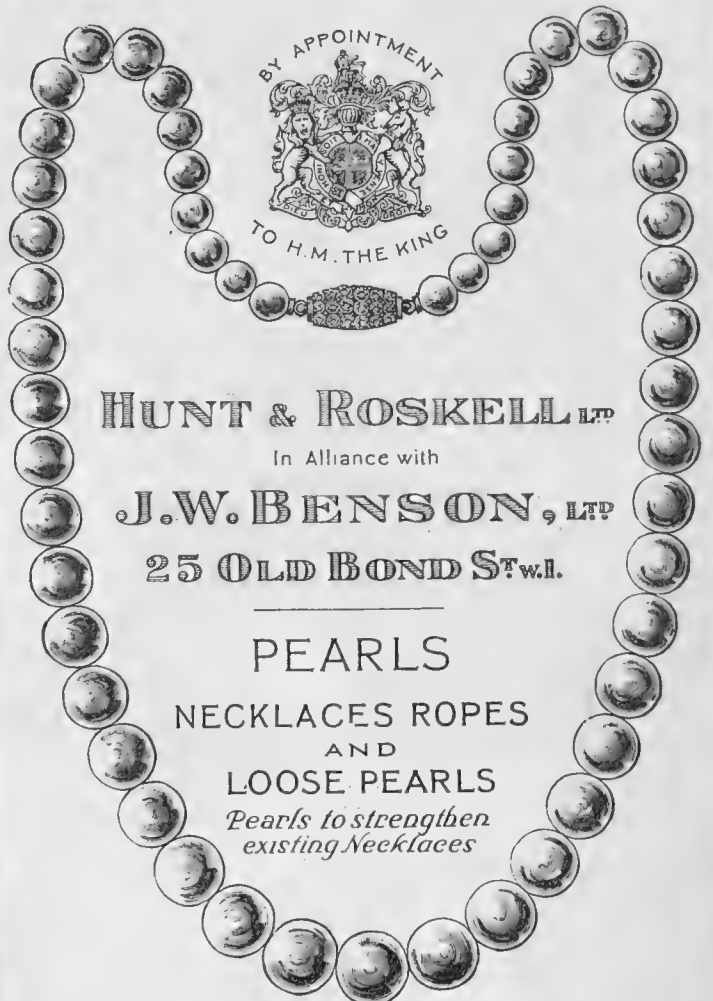


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*Pearls to strengthen
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"THE SKETCH" CHRISTMAS NUMBER—AND COLOURED PICTURES.

The Christmas Number of "The Sketch" is now on Sale everywhere. With it is a presentation plate in full colours, "Don't Wake Up Love," by Suzanne Meunier; and in it are a coloured double-page and coloured pages by Léo Fontan, Bernard Higham, Barribal, and Lawson Wood. Amongst the other chief features are stories by W. Douglas Newton and other well-known authors; and comic and seasonable pictures by Frank Reynolds, Will Owen, W. Heath Robinson, G. E. Studdy, J. R. Skelton, Gladys Peto, and others. Those desiring copies should get them at once from bookstall or newsagent's. The price is two shillings.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

Fair Play for Octogenarians.

Octogenarians, nonagenarians, and centenarians do not grow on every bush. To have survived all the dangers, trials, and tribulations of this life for eighty, ninety, or a hundred years is no mean accomplishment. The wisdom acquired in a lifetime of eighty, ninety, or a hundred years is not to be despised if the brain is still clear and active, the mental energy unimpaired. It seems to me, therefore, and has always seemed to me, that we should pay a certain respect to very old age, even accord it a few little privileges.

That is the preface to my story. This is the story.

A day or two ago, I went to see an octogenarian whom I have known a long while. I knew him, in fact, when his beard was quite brown. I have seen it gradually whiten. Before these lines are in print, he will be in his eighty-seventh year.

On my way to his house, situated in the outskirts of a country town in one of the southern home counties, I had to pass a number of confectioners' shops. The windows were filled with piles of chocolates, small mountains of sweets, dozens of iced cakes.

I found the octogenarian at tea. "Well," I said, "how are you going on? Is there anything you want that you can't get?"

"Yes," he replied, with characteristic promptitude; "there is."

"What is it? Coal? Butter? Meat?"

"No. So far as those things are concerned, I can manage on my ration. But I should like a little sugar to put in my tea."

This is a true story. He was taking his tea without sugar, and I happen to know that tea without sugar to him is almost as bad as no tea at all. Besides, sugar is as necessary to old people as to children. It gives warmth.

Who is it? I thought of the shop-windows stuffed with sweets and chocolates and iced cakes, and I wondered. I wondered very much what sympathetic genius is responsible for depriving people of eighty to ninety years of age of sugar to put in their tea! And I could do nothing—except post him my own ration, which was almost exhausted.

It is useless to write to Government Departments about these things. We know by this time what happens to letters sent to Government Departments. I once sat opposite a man in a Government office. We each had two baskets, one marked "OUT" and the other "IN." When he found a paper in his "IN" basket he put it into the "OUT" basket. A messenger then carried it a mile and finally put it into my "IN" basket, whereupon I popped it into the "OUT" basket—having no authority to deal with it—

and the messenger carried it another mile and put it into the "IN" basket of the man who sat opposite me.

No wonder we haven't got Peace yet. The War is still on.

Class, Class, Class!

At last, after years of hammering, the so-called middle classes are beginning to get together for their own preservation. Anyone who possesses bound volumes of *The Sketch*, and doubts my word, will be able to find that for years past I have been begging the brain-workers to get a League of their own. And now, I hear, they are trying to

do it. But they are muddling it. They are letting all sorts of people into the League who have no business in it. The League I want to see is a League of brain-workers who depend entirely on their own efforts, and do not employ a staff of people to work for them. The man whose income continues whether he works or not has nothing to do—or should have nothing to do—with a League that exists for the protection of the individual brain-worker.

And all this talk about who is middle class and who is not middle class is revolting. One well-known Member of Parliament actually divided the whole nation up into three classes according to their money—Organised Capital (whatever that means) at the top, brain-workers in the middle, and manual labour at the bottom.

The Only Aristocracy.

This is worse and worse. Money has nothing whatever to do with the question. Brains, Education, and Taste—especially Taste—are the true qualifications for the aristocrat. Taste includes right thinking and decent behaviour. What in the world has money to do with Taste? Can money buy Taste? Well, we have all seen

it try. And why, if you please, should Organised Capital lord it over everybody and everything? Where does the Capital come from before it is "organised"? Why, from the class with brains. The brains of the country don't know their power. The existence of the country and its future life depends wholly on brains. Capital is merely the coal that the stoker shovels into the fire-box. Did the coal devise the engine?

To-day is the day of the brain-worker; and, if "organised capital" is in the mood to lord it over the brain-worker, then organised capital will very swiftly be disorganised. This is not revolution; it is evolution. If the Brains get together, the middle and lower classes can settle their respective positions among themselves.



ORIENTAL COSTUMES AT THE OPERA BALL AT COVENT GARDEN: MISS WINIFRED MCCARTHY AND MISS ZENA NAYLOR.

Oriental costumes always hold high favour at fancy-dress carnivals; and among the many wonderful costumes at the Great Opera Ball, these lovely "Harem Ladies" attracted much admiration.—[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

Almost faster than you can spread it, comes the demand for more Bread and Karo, please.



"More Please"

Karo is so delicately delicious in flavour, so satisfying as a food, that you can happily forget the shortage of sugar and jam.

On puddings and porridge Karo is as popular with grown-ups as with youngsters. And what a saving of milk and sugar!—*the sweet food with the flavour that never cloy.*

Karo Syrup

The spread for bread

Ask your Grocer for Karo Syrup, in 2-lb. air-tight tins—price 1/6 per tin. Can also be supplied in 5-lb. and 10-lb. nett air-tight tins.

CORN PRODUCTS CO., LTD., 40, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3.
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Puts an end to Sugar Worries.

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You can get as much KARO as you want at your Grocer's. Any grocer can get all he needs from his wholesaler now. If you have difficulty send us your grocer's name and address and we will see you are promptly supplied.



1/6
2-lb.
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Continued.]

Grossmith. There is about the perfumes and accompanying preparations by Grossmith and Son, Newgate Street, a delicate and delicious suggestion of the Orient that is very haunting, dreamy, and attractive. "Wana-Ranee," a perfume that jumped into favour and remains firmly established there, is an embodiment of the perfumed breath of the "Flower Island," as Ceylon is so often called. To describe a scent is as futile as to try to paint a lily. "Wana-Ranee" needs no description, for its delightful qualities are known. With it, as with all Grossmith's delicious and exclusive scents, there is a complete series of toilet preparations, so that the aura of a refined woman may be perfectly harmonious. A present from J. Grossmith and Son is one warmly welcomed.



FRAGRANT WITH THE BREATH OF THE "FLOWER ISLAND": WANA-RANEE PERFUME. (GROSSMITH AND SON.)

Perco. Prevention is better than cure. A cold-proof clothing is one of the thousand uses for which the wonderful "Perco" Down can be utilised. This is a fabric made from the soft, white down found in the seed-pods of the *Eiroadendron Anfractuosum*. Scientifically treated, it is guaranteed proof against weather, vermin, acid, heat,



A FABRIC MADE FROM THE DOWN OF SEED-PODS: AN EXAMPLE OF "PERCO" COVERINGS. (PERCO.)

cold, damp, rot and moth. It has already been tested and used for life-saving apparatus at sea. Coat-linings made of it are extremely light and not bulky. A man would welcome a waist-coat or a dressing-gown of "Perco" for a Christmas present. And the wise housewife will do well to replace her worn-out blankets or coverings with "Perco" quilts and bedspreads.

Soane and Smith. A gift of really pretty and decorative, as well as useful and thoroughly reliable china is one to delight the young wife or the experienced matron. The "Chinese Tree" design china, which is a specialty of that well-known firm Soane and Smith, of 462, Oxford Street, W., fulfils all these requirements. The design is lovely and is beautifully carried out in black and green enamels. There are other designs in this very decorative china, all equally good and effective, and called the "Foley Shelley" China. It is exclusive to Soane and Smith. A tea service of 40 pieces for 12 people costs five guineas; and for the same price, a breakfast service for six people can be purchased. It is an advantage that at all times any piece that is broken can be replaced at a fixed price at Messrs. Soane and Smith's well-known establishment.



WITH THE "CHINESE TREE" DESIGN: SPECIMENS OF A CHARMING TEA SERVICE. (SOANE AND SMITH.)

Venn's Undies. Every woman loves dainty and delicate underwear, so that many visits will surely be made to Venn's fine new premises—95, Wigmore Street. An excellent idea is a series of boxes arranged by this celebrated designer of our daintiest and most delightful undies. The first is a pair of lovely, flower-decorated garters in a pretty scented box. It costs 10s. 6d. Box 4 contains a pair of silk openwork stockings, a bewitching boudoir cap, and a smart pair of garters, the price being 42s. For £5 10s., Box 8 contains a crêpe or georgette blouse, a neat, smart camisole, and a pair of really fine kid gloves. In Box 9 is a set of crêpe or georgette nighty, chemise and knickers, lace-edged or embroidered, and a pretty, hand-painted nightdress sachet—seven guineas' worth, and excellent value.

Waltham. You can never go wrong and miss your appointments if you possess a Waltham watch. This reliable timekeeper is one of the best made for wristlet wear. The

[Continued overleaf.]

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor: H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors



"The Interrupted Jazz"

FOR HER AND HER ALONE.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

This affliction of telling the truth will be the death of me—when I grow old and ugly. But it really is a fascinating adventure.

It is rather a shame to spoil the beautiful Peace and political loud laughter, but the future is really ominous. Heaven knows I am not a pessimist, but omens are omens, and I fear the defeat of man; not by wars, but by women.

Ominous in khaki, for years our splendid women have stalked our streets—and favourite hotels—shouldering the world aside with militaristic intolerance. And now, when the fair Bellona condescends to flimsy mufti, her full intents are revealed—to say nothing of other revelations. Daily her deeds of derring-do fill our papers—and our Divorce Courts.

The aim of woman is the complete subjugation, physical and financial, of the male.

Man must not be allowed to develop beyond his elemental functions as provider and fertiliser. It is for him to be drab and sombre, and ruthlessly to economise in order that woman may annex the limelight, the colour, and the gaiety.

And the aged, the futile, and the unfertile, rush sycophantically to Bellona's aid.

"Let the Young Man of to-day be manly! Coloured clothes and shapely cuts are not for our stern and truculent sex," cries the elderly and corpulent traitor to his sex, stroking his stimulated stomach and smacking his lascivious lips.

And woman subtly laughs! and so—

Let woman, lovely, altruistic, timid, shrinking woman, array herself in thousand-guinea sables.

For her let the covey be stripped of his breast feathers!

Let the unborn lamb lose its astrachan, and the bird of paradise its tail!

Let the misanthropic oyster be deprived of its one ewe-pearl!

For her let the diamond seekers sweat and toil till their tongues are parched and their eyes bloodshot!

Let the jazz band strive in frenzy!

Let the chefs concoct wonderful dishes!

Let the vines ripen!

For her, and her alone!

"Hell!" said the Duchess. "Let the young man remember that it is for him to provide and to pay, not to vie."

"So, let him economise and wear sensible, shapeless, Victorian clothes. A coat of unobtrusive drab, and a serviceable umbrella are his natural portion—all else is decadent and effeminate in a male."

And one vast twitter of applause arises from myriads of female throats.

Man must stand for at least an equality of the sexes.

He must fight against this insidious Pussyfoot propaganda.

Hideously outnumbered as he is, man has his rights. Imagine for one moment the scornful fury of even a small-part revue actress adjured to wear for her nightly Jazz the ludicrous lingerie and lachrymose clothes of the darkest Victorian age.

It is only on rare occasions I scratch back at the primitive sex, but when this appears perhaps I may lunch alone for a while.

Co-responsently, this House continues to supply antagonistic clothes to the young and virile generation at prices not immoral. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



Xmas Gifts for the family.

A watch is the appropriate gift for every member of the family at Christmas. Most Christmas gifts are eaten up, put away, or entirely forgotten in two or three days. If you give an Ingersoll, however, it will tick your 1919 Xmas greetings for many years to come.

Ingersolls—the dependable, accurate time-tested watches—make ideal gifts. From the handsome jewelled Reliance to the sturdy hard-wearing Yankee Radiolite there's an Ingersoll model for everyone.

Year in, year out, dependability; utility

INGERSOLL RADIOLITE
SHOWS THE TIME
IN THE DARK.



far beyond the ordinary watch, and steady accuracy that endures is assured by the exhaustive tests given to Ingersoll Radiolite watches before being sent to dealers; and remember too—Ingersoll Radiolites keep the time always in sight—in the light and in the dark.

Ingersoll Radiolite

GLOWS THE TIME IN THE DARK.



**INGERSOLL
RELIANCE.**
A seven-jewelled
thin model.
45/-



**INGERSOLL WATERBURY
RADIOLITE.**
Handsome 12. size
watch, jewelled at
balance. 40/-

**INGERSOLL
WRIST RADIOLITE.**
With strong leather strap.
30/-



**INGERSOLL
MIDGET
RADIOLITE.**
Ideal timepiece
for boys and
girls.
27/6

**INGERSOLL
YANKEE RADIOLITE.**
Sturdy and strong.
Keeps accurate
time. 20/-

Continued.]

cases are solidly finished, and the real leather strap with a solid silver buckle gives the watch a *cachet* and good style of its own. Anyone requiring a useful present for a man friend could not do better than purchase one of these wristlet watches. They are, of course, to be had with luminous dials, which add largely to their utility. As they are made in different sizes, particulars can be had from the head office of the company, 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.1; but, as most watchmakers and jewelers make a point of keeping a good stock of these useful watches, it is quite simple to procure one from your own watchmaker. Many ladies have adopted these wristlets, as they are slender, though very strong.

Shoolbred. The great house in Tottenham Court Road, rightly known as Tottenham House, but more familiarly, if not affectionately, as Shoolbred's, is a place of pleasantest pilgrimage this Christmas-time. Imagine a choice in crackers which would reach 150 miles, if laid out end to end. The departments abound in novelties, and there are Christmas puddings, mincemeat specialties, with Shoolbred's excellent even the home-made varieties. There are crystallised fruits and glacé fruits and dried fruits. There are Stilton cheeses, hams, wines, and cigars—in fact, every form of gift and Christmas cheer; and if it is from Shoolbred's, then we know it is first rate.



INCLUDING 150 MILES OF CRACKERS! A WONDERFUL STORE OF CHRISTMAS CHEER AT SHOOLBRED'S.

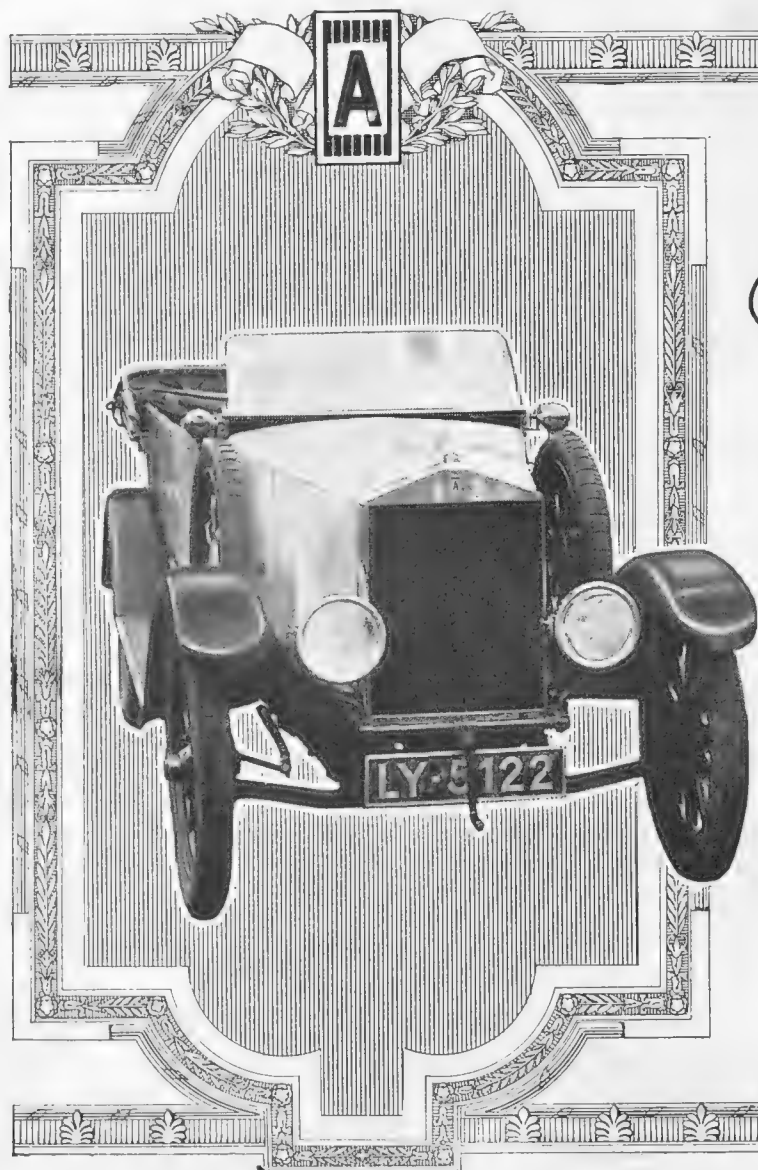
Moneplas Parfumerie.

Something for the toilette is always a gift that is sure of appreciation. If, however, it be a "Malaceine" series of Moneplas perfume from Paris, it has an enthusiastic welcome. The cream and powder have been tested rigidly by beauties of all countries, and have passed into first-class favour. It gives a wonderful freshness to the skin,

and is a splendid protection to it when enjoying open-air pursuits. This "Malaceine" series of the Moneplas Parfumerie can be had from all first-class chemists, perfumers, and stores. Introduction to such a splendid thing is a gift in itself.

Onoto. Auntie asked mother what she should give Jack for a Christmas present. Mother said, "Please, an 'Onoto' pen, as I know his fingers will not be smudgy with ink, and it is filled so easily from any ink-supply." Auntie, being a proper up-to-date Auntie, said "Right-o," and into the point of Jack's Christmas stocking was pushed Mr. Onoto, ready for wear and tear. Jack thinks he is a grown-up man now, and takes his share in housework, writing out the menus for Christmas dinners and the neat little labels to hang on the Christmas-tree. His letters of thanks for his Christmas presents are wonderful specimens of the work of an All-British fountain-pen. Joan, who is contemplating a home of her own as soon as a new house is built, has suggested to Auntie that an "Onoto"—

[Continued overleaf.]



The Albert

—a Great New Achievement in Light Car Construction

All that the experience of the past few years has taught in motor-car construction is embodied in the 12-h.p. Albert—newest and greatest among Light Cars de Luxe.

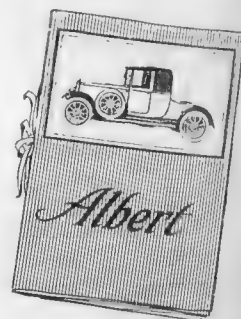
Graceful in build, luxuriously appointed on the lines of comfort and convenience, equipped to the last word of refinement, and of high-engine efficiency—the Albert answers all the motoring needs of the lady motorist, the owner-driver, the doctor, or the owner of a high-powered car seeking a fitting "second."

The Albert Service stands ready to assist the Albert owner at all times to obtain a continuous maximum of efficiency from his car. To give effect to this policy, Service depôts, staffed by specially trained engineers, are being established all over the country. These depôts will be of the utmost value to every Albert owner, and will mean more to him than a guarantee.

The Albert is manufactured by Adam, Grimaldi & Co., Ltd., Albert Works, Vauxhall, S.E. 11

WRITE for the BOOK of the ALBERT CAR and the ALBERT SERVICE. A beautifully illustrated and thoroughly informative book concerning the four models of the Albert and giving full details of the Albert Service will be sent post free on application to the Sole Concessionnaires:

The SERVICE MOTOR Co., Ltd.,
245 OXFORD ST. LONDON, W. 1.





After Shopping — a Mustard Bath

IT'S a new pleasure in life. That delightful feeling of invigoration after a day's shopping. As you get into your Mustard Bath the physical comfort is so complete you seem to have acquired a new body. Your evening's engagements at once become attractive because you know you will be "at your best."



"Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath."

Colman's Bath Mustard

Use Colman's Bath Mustard especially put up for the bath. Or simply take two or three tablespoonfuls of ordinary Colman's Mustard; mix it with a little cold water and stir it round in your bath.

An interesting booklet by Raymond Blathwayt will be sent free of charge on application to J. & J. Colman, Ltd., Norwich.



Continued.]

a special presentation kind, in a silk-lined case—would make an ideal wedding present; and poor old Auntie has to consider, after paying her income tax, if she can afford a silver or gold pen for Joan; but she does put her foot down when Baby Mary says, "Me too, for my birthday." I expect Baby will have one. Good Auntie can get one for her for 15s., and she wisely says the "Onoto" habit cannot begin too young.



A GIFT FOR PEOPLE OF ALL AGES:
AN ONOTO PEN. (THOS. DE LA RUE.)

Gillette.

Long experience in present-giving to men proves that there is nothing more successful than an outfit of Gillette Safety Razor, which has the rare merit of being the same price now as it was before the world-upheaving war. Men appreciate a Gillette because, while so efficient, it is also so simple. It is always ready for its work, and saves time and loss of temper. It is a British implement, and is sold everywhere. The standard set includes a triple silver-plated razor and blade-boxes with twelve double-edged blades in a morocco grain case at a cost of one guinea. An illustrated booklet, which will be sent free on application to the Gillette Safety Razor, Ltd., 184-188, Great Portland Street, W.1, will be a guide to other forms of so keenly appreciated a present.



THE SAME PRICE AS BEFORE THE WAR: A GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR SET.

variety of splendid music to dance to, and this enterprising company prides itself on keeping it up to date. Any dealer will play over a few of the latest dances. A selection of such records is

Gramophone. Dancing is the reigning pastime, and will be the great amusement of Christmas time. The most perfect dance music is that dispensed by gramophone and "His Master's Voice" records and needles made at the Gramophone Company's place, Hayes, Middlesex. There is an endless

a magnificent present, because it not only appeals to gramophone owners, but gives the greatest pleasure to all their friends and makes Christmas really merry.

Morny Frères.

There is no woman, however certain of her powers of attraction, who can afford to disregard the subtle charm of a distinctive and beautiful perfume. It is, indeed, one in which she herself luxuriates; consequently the wonderful essences created by M. Morny, the master-maker of



ONE PERFUME IN MANY FORMS: "JUNE ROSES"—A COMPLETE SET.
(MORNY FRÈRES.)

delicious scents, are among the most acceptable of Christmas presents. One which is indescribably refined and lovely is "Mystérieuse." In a fan-shaped bottle, enclosed in a silk-lined case, it makes a delightful gift, and with it is the whole series of toilette requisites, all delicately of the same delicious and entrancing odour. The bath-salt cubes are a convenient way of carrying this luxurious water-softener. A really beautiful perfume cannot be described,

[Continued overleaf.]

A CHOICE SELECTION OF
GOLD AND SILVER
CIGARETTE CASES SUITABLE
FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

NEW ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE OF JEWELLERY
AND SILVERWARE
SENT FREE ON REQUEST.

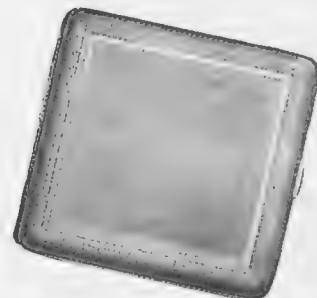
CIGARETTE CASES IN SOLID GOLD AND SILVER



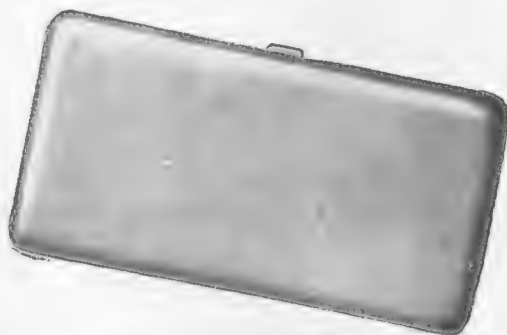
No. 211. Beautifully Engine-turned,
3 inches wide, to hold 8 Cigarettes.
SILVER £4 : 10 : 0 GOLD £23 : 5 : 0



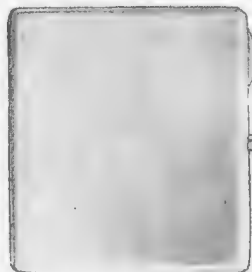
No. 210. Plain Concave, Two Row,
3 inches wide, to hold 16 Cigarettes.
SILVER £2 : 10 : 0 GOLD £16 : 10 : 0



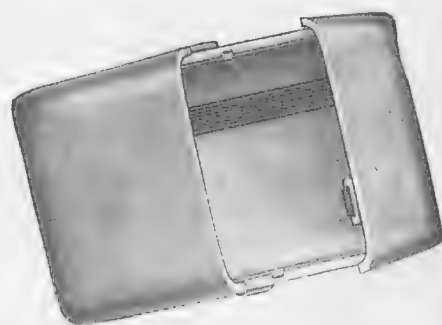
No. 206. Beautifully Engine-turned,
3½ inches wide, to hold 9 Cigarettes.
SILVER £4 : 15 : 0 GOLD £25 : 0 : 0



No. 205. Plain, very flat,
One Row, 6 inches long, to hold 16 Cigarettes.
SILVER £7 : 18 : 6 GOLD £35 : 0 : 0



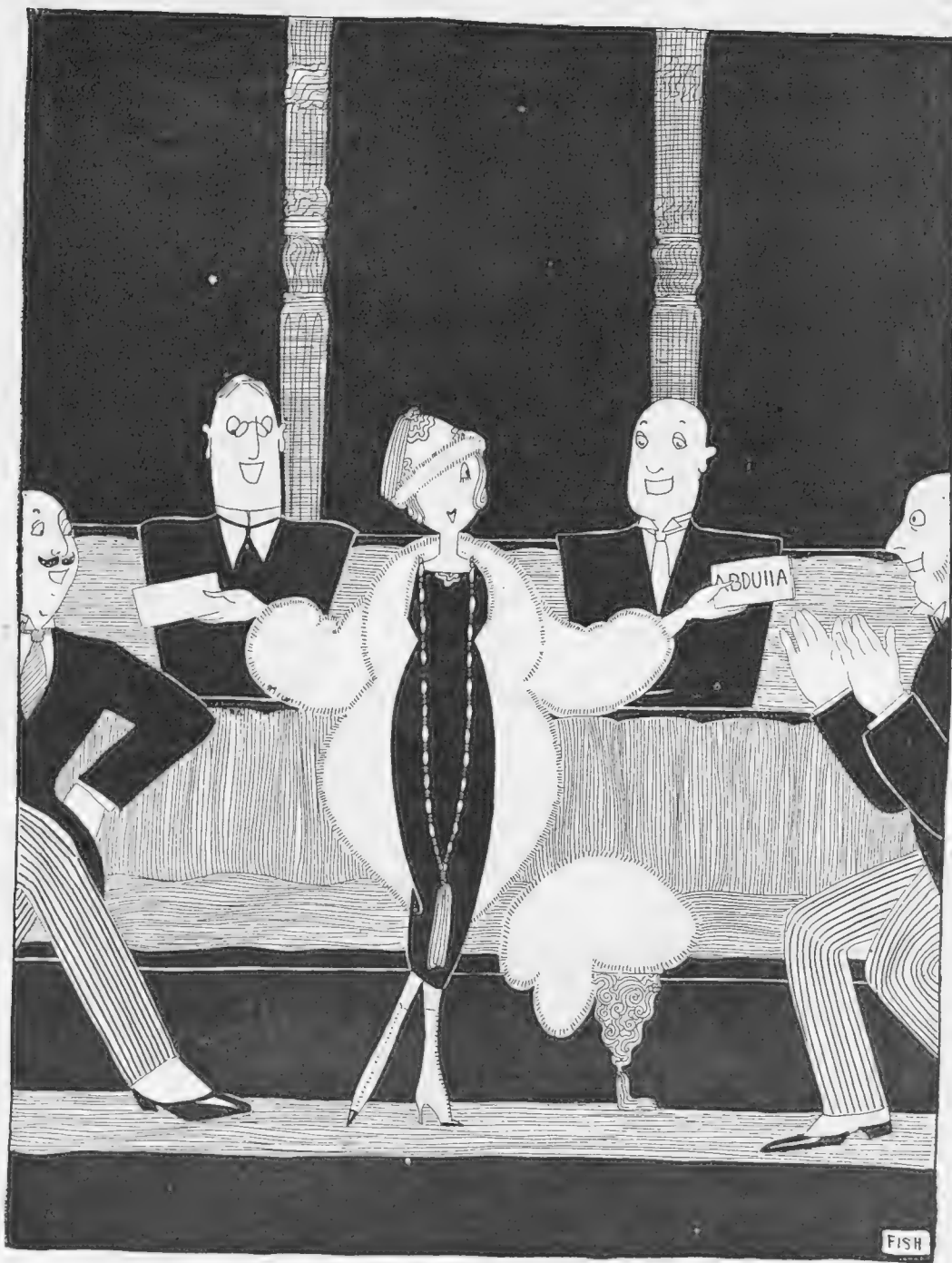
No. 209. Plain, very flat, One Row,
4 inches wide, to hold 12 Cigarettes.
SILVER £3 : 15 : 0 GOLD £27 : 10 : 0



No. 212. Plain, Magazine shape,
5 inches long, to hold 30 Cigarettes.
SILVER £6 : 18 : 6 GOLD £31 : 10 : 0

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

A "REVOLUTION" IN THE HOUSE



WHERE Politicians dozed in rows,
One gorgeous bird among the crows
Now makes each manly heart her own,
And gives the House a brilliant tone.

What cheers when Angela arose
With—"Mr. Speaker, I propose
"A subtle Spell, and Eastern Dream
"Shall glorify this 'vie intime.'

The box of "chocs" or sable muff,
Pink lip-salve, gloves, or powder-puff
Retrieved by members every day,
Prove Angela has come to stay.

"Abdulla's cool and fragrant charm
"Alone can soothe and keep us calm."
She gained her point with flying colours,
And now the whole House smokes ABDULLAS.

R.H.

ABDULLA CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIAN

Continued.

but "Mystérieuse" is a real conqueror among scents. Another delightful odour is June Roses, which is the true smell of the flowers captured by a special process. This is sent out in stoppered bottles, in card cases, and has its attendant train of "umpteen" toilette requisites, each of them having this special odour of the rose—fresh and lovely and delicious: the soaps, complexion powders, brilliantine, dentifrice, toilet-water. Gifts of this perfume are sure to give great pleasure: Morny is a name to conjure with where sweet scents are concerned.

Æolian "Vocalion."

Sweetness of tone is one of the alluring attributes of the Æolian "Vocalion." A visit to 131, New Bond Street, where you can hear your favourite record played, will convince anyone who contemplates completing the home with a gramophone that a "Vocalion" is just the most suitable. It will bring delight to all members of a family. To accompany dances it is perfection, and children can amuse themselves by the hour dancing or singing to these soft-toned records. Catalogue No. 5 contains all the particulars of these instruments, and will be sent to anyone who wishes to make the home not only beautiful, but cheerful with sweet music.

Underwood and Underwood.

We shall never forget the great world upheaval. At present there is nothing about it that does not closely interest us; and we are keen to keep this interest up in the rising generation. Therefore, a Christmas gift that makes compelling appeal is Underwood and Underwood's latest stereoscopic series of views, "The War of the Nations." In years to come, when we have lost something of the recollection of devastated lands, these stereographs will recall for us this tragic chapter of history; while at the moment they are of keenest interest. The contrast of pre-war and war appearances is most striking. At 104, High Holborn, this series can be seen; and here, also, Underwood and Underwood have many enthralling travel and other series.

Pomeroy.

Women all thoroughly enjoy making the best of themselves. To give them the means of doing so is to give a really valued present. At Mrs. Pomeroy's salons, 29, Old Bond Street, there are many things which answer this purpose. There is Safada, to whiten, soften, and render pretty hands that have had hard work or may be discoloured by cigarettes. It costs 2s. in bottles, or in tubes 1s. 6d. There are

wonderful preparations for the face which restore in a remarkable way the youthful looks we all love. Mrs. Pomeroy's tooth-paste is now a special pet of people who value the pearly appearance of their teeth. These preparations make delightful presents.

Dickins and Jones.

Ideas about gifts at Christmas are evasive things. There is a way to acquire them and hold them captive to our command. "Christmas Gifts at Dickins and Jones" is the title of a most attractive list of all kinds of beautiful presents—leather purses, cigarette and cigar cases, manicure sets, note-cases, pipe-cases and pouches; handbags in silk and leather, receptacles, fitted and unfitted, for travellers; dressing-table equipment in silver—plain, engraved, or engine-turned; butterfly-wing jewellery, which is most effective, and is inexpensive; paste jewellery, real lace handkerchiefs; gloves—for which the firm is famous; enamel and tortoiseshell toilette sets, shown in colour; brocade and bead bags in realistic colour; dainty needlework and Parisian novelties, all in colour. It is, in fact, a delightfully produced and inspiring guide to gifts, which will be sent free on application to 224-244, Regent Street.

Oneida Plate.

No gifts at Christmas are received so gratefully as those for everyday use. When, as in the case of the Oneida Community Plate, they are of lifelong wear and beautiful in appearance, nothing more can be desired. The patterns in which it is made are perfect specimens of the best periods of design, and are made to go with the finest kinds of furnishing. Heppelwhite and Sheraton are special favourites, and harmonise with tasteful dining-rooms. A canteen of one or other of these in this splendid plate, which is scientifically reinforced where most subject to wear, is a gift of great worth. Dozens or single articles can also be acquired. It can be seen at leading silversmiths, and an illustrated booklet and list of dealers will be sent on application to Diamond House, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

Venus Pencils.

The pencil of the ready writer, or the pencil always ready to write—that is the Venus. By its distinctive marble-green finish we shall know it, and when known it will be a friend for life. It is made in seventeen degrees, from softest to hardest, and it glides over paper in a way to inspire the writer. A dozen Venus pencils make a delightful gift at Christmas.

Overheard on the 'Phone

First Speaker: "And, Maud, dear, I have bought George the dinkiest of all Christmas Gifts. You will never guess what it is."

Second Speaker: "Guess it at once, my dear, if it is really the dinkiest Christmas Gift. Something by the name of Gillette."

First Speaker: "How did you guess?"

Second Speaker: "Well, you see, I have bought Bob a Gillette, too."

TWO minds with a single solution—eminently practical and wise—to the big annual problem: "What shall I give him this Xmas?"

The Gillette Safety Razor answers every requirement of the giver of Christmas presents. It is easily first from the point of view of usefulness, it gives everlasting wear, and sold as it is, here and everywhere, at the same price as before the war, it gives you a pre-war twenty-one-shillings' worth of value for the guinea it costs. Give him a Gillette, and you give him a lifetime's satisfaction in shaving service. It is the gift he will appreciate far more than anything else you can think of.

Gillette
SAFETY RAZOR

NO STROPPING NO HONING

Gillette Standard Set, 21/- Travelling Set, 30/- and upwards.

SOLD EVERYWHERE. Write for Illustrated Booklet.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD., 184-188 Great Portland Street, London, W. 1.





A Gift.

IT would be difficult to conceive a more charming gift than one of these Presentation Cases of Piesse and Lubin perfume.

The exquisite products of this famous old house are known and appreciated the world over as examples of the parfumeur's art at its best.

There is the choice of over twenty distinct perfumes, each in a beautifully cut and polished crystal bottle contained in an appropriate case.

Violet, Muquet, Œillet, Lilas, Opoponax, Damask Rose, Boronia Cœur de Jeanette, Ideal.

6/6 12/- 22/6 42/6

Violette extra, Muquet extra, Œillet extra, Lilas extra, Jasmin extra, Rose extra, Ambre extra, Kus-Kus, Aujourd'hui, Melisande.

10/- 17/6 32/6 60/-

Sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom securely packed and without charge for package.

*Piesse & Lubin Ltd,
189, Regent St.,
London, W.1.*



No. 1.—Necklet of famous Ciro Pearls (16 in. long) price £1.1.0
Gold Clasp, 2/6 extra. Longer necklets at proportionate rates.

Ciro Pearls

ARE THE
MOST ACCEPTABLE
OF
ALL GIFTS

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

Send any jewel of Ciro Pearls as a present, and if it fails to please, return it to us within seven days, and we will refund you your money.

We will send you a Necklet, a Ring, or any jewel of Ciro Pearls, upon receipt of £1.1.0.

Put it beside any real pearls, or any artificial pearls, and if it is not equal to the real or superior to the other artificial pearls, return it to us, and we will refund your money.

Provincial customers may send their orders by the post, and will receive the same attention as if they called upon us personally.

OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET No. 5, WILL INTEREST YOU.

Our only address now is 39, OLD BOND STREET, W.1
(Just off Piccadilly). 1st Floor only. Over Lloyd's Bank.
(Tele: Gerr. 3077) CIRO PEARLS LTD (Dept. 5).

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

HERE AND THERE.

NEVER were the results of credit and currency inflation more obvious than at present. More than ten million pounds in new issues advertised in one week-end, and total calls for the month amounting to nearly £100,000,000. The same story from Paris and, in a lesser degree, from Italy—currency depreciation making international business always difficult, and often unremunerative. Meanwhile the Christmas shopping is assuming unmagageable proportions, and the price of nearly everything continues to rise. Yet we still teach our children that Nero was a bad man 'cos he fiddled!

Perhaps the weather has something to do with this rather dismal outlook!

So that is the end of Premium, Prize, Investment, Etc., Bonds! Perhaps 'tis well, as they wouldn't have produced very much money; but it seems a pity that our legislators take so long to make their minds up about anything. And change so often: who said coal?

Paris seems to expect a rise in the value of the franc before the end of the year; but we fear the Gay City will be disappointed.

We imagine Breweries will be the next class of company to attract the attention of the Professional Amalgamators.

Argentine Rails benefited very little from the record traffic of Central line just announced. We expect to see prices in this section considerably higher in the New Year.

The new Selfridge 6 per Cent. Preference shares can be bought at 23s. They are tax-free up to 6s. in the £, and we look upon them as much undervalued.

OUR STROLLER IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

They were both eating matutinal apples in Angel Court, Our Stroller and his broker, the latter out of work for ten minutes.

"D'you find your clients worry you with questions as to what financial papers they should read?"

Thus one man to another as he picked up, and peeled, his fourth banana.

"Sometimes they do. I always tell 'em the *Financial News* and *Financial Times* are good for every day, and the *Economist* on Saturdays."

"*Economist*?"

"Yes. It's so dead honest, and a lot of the stuff is well written. You get reports from all over the world, too."

"I don't often see it."

"Don't you? You have a look at it in the Reading Room upstairs. I think a good deal of the matter is badly put out—or whatever they call it. But the stuff itself is all right. It gives you a good idea of what's happening everywhere."

"I get a good many papers sent me for nothing," said Our Stroller, chipping in, as was his wont. "I usually read them."

"Priceless, they are," declared his broker. "What we should do without them I hardly like to think."

"But surely——"

"Of course not. That's why they are so priceless. They give any shrewd man the kind of information that—that—Savvy?"

Our Stroller nodded. "Well, I'll go on reading them," he said.

"Oh, rather. Give them all the advertisement you can. Financial education is so essential these days. But—Hullo, Robinson! Have you done that limit I left you?"

Robinson said they hadn't been buyers at the price yet, but "they don't look a bad market."

"We're getting into some horrible rows over limits," confided the broker. "When things are moving quickly, as they have been doing lately, you're awfully liable to miss some old limit that's been on for weeks, and you've forgotten or overlooked."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, well, if I miss a limit, I always make a clean breast of it to my client, and offer to adopt the bargain myself. Send a contract with the letter, as a rule."

"But supposing you've missed selling some shares at a limit, and the price goes down afterwards. You'd make a loss."

"Every time, old boy. You don't get reminders about limits unless the shares *have* gone down after touching the client's price. Or vice-versa with buying limits. It pays to lose, sometimes."

"Your man can hold you to it, I suppose?"

"Don't know what the legal aspect may be, but I know that I'm a member of the London Stock Exchange, and therefore——"

He struck an attitude of mock heroics and puffed out his manly chest.

"You must get let down rather badly at times, unless you're awfully careful."

[Continued overleaf.]

Pearl Necklets
a
Special Feature
£50
to
£10,000

Particulars on
Application.

ESTAB 1853

Wales & McCulloch

Watchmakers to The British Admiralty



Fine Diamond and Platinum Cluster Negligé Necklet, £45



Fine Diamond and Platinum Ring, £50



Fine Single Stone Diamond & Platinum Ring with Diamond Scroll mount, £125



Fine Diamond, Platinum, and Gold, best quality Lever Watch, with black silk band, £50

GEM RINGS—
A SPECIALITÉ

Illustrated list on application.

ONLY ADDRESS: 56, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

Pearl Necklets
a
Special Feature
£50
to
£10,000

Particulars on
Application.

Free to "Kiamil" Smokers

An attractive mounted reproduction of this picture in colours without advertising matter 10" x 7" sent free for one "Kiamil" box lid, and six penny stamps to cover postage and packing.

*The price of most
Cigarettes has risen
but*

Kiamil
*Pre-War Standard
Cigarettes
are not going higher*



CHOICE Cigarettes are always a much appreciated Christmas Gift by Society Men—and Women, but a 100 box of "Kiamil" Cigarettes reflects not only good-will but the good judgment of a Connoisseur.

Society has set the seal of its approval on "Kiamils"—they are the vogue in the West End.

| | |
|------------------|--------------|
| Egyptian Blend | 100 for 12/6 |
| Turkish Special | 100 „ 11/3 |
| Virginia Special | 100 „ 9/6 |
| American | 100 „ 8/3 |

Of all High-class Tobacconists and Stores



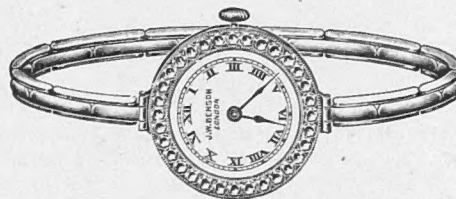
Sole Manufacturer:
J. CLEMENT,
59, Eastcheap, E.C. 3

BENSON'S

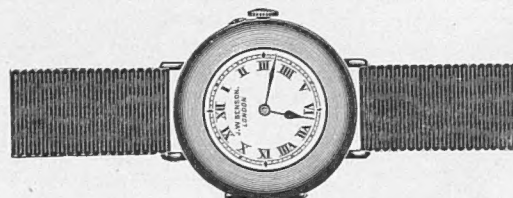
"PERFECT SAFETY"

EXPANDING

Gold and Gem Watch Bracelets

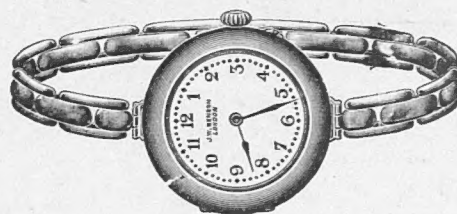


With Fine Quality
Lever Movements,
in Gold Cases,
from £10 10 0
Set with Gems,
from £30 0 0



Gold Watches
on
Moiré Silk
Bands from
£6 6 0

The popular
"Times" System
of Monthly
Payments
is still available.
Particulars on
application.



Selection sent on approval
at our risk and expense.

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

*Illustrated Lists of Bracelet, Wristlet, or Pocket Watches, Chains,
Rings (with size card), Jewels, Silver, Clocks, Plate, &c., post free.*

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C. 4

C.T.S.



**Give Golly
Vin-Sanguis
and
MAKE HIM
ROSY
Like us**

TAKE Dr. Hale's Vin-Sanguis Wine for the Blood. It gives that "fit feeling" and the healthy colour that comes of perfect digestion. Made from Beef Extract, Malt, and old imported wines, matured in our cellars, it is a quick remedy for Anæmia, Insomnia, Indigestion, and loss of Energy. Obtainable of all Wine Merchants, licensed Grocers and Chemists, and at Civil Service Stores, Haymarket.

**IT MAKES YOU FIT.
IT KEEPS YOU FIT.**

Reputed Pint Bottles, 3/-; Reputed Quarts, 5/6.

**DR. HALE'S
VIN-SANGUIS
WINE FOR THE BLOOD**

**DR. HALE'S VIN-SANGUIS CO.,
444, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.**

"We do, naturally. But as it's your own fault, or your partner's, or your clerk's, and as it makes you all the more careful in the future (for a time), well, we can't say very much. Try one of these. No? I must be off now."

"Right you are. One-thirty at the usual place? And don't forget that it's my turn to take the chair this time. *Au revoir*."

Our Stroller trod the now Deserted Village of Shorter's Court.

"Wonder where Mrs. Hart has gone," he soliloquised. Then he glanced at the few stairs and the big letters over the door of the Stock Exchange—"Subscribers Only Admitted," buttoned up his coat, walked briskly through the lobby, and found himself in the House once more.

Edging along to the left, he anchored opposite a slip of paper with the names and prices of half-a-dozen shipping shares.

"All too high, and all going considerably higher," he heard a jobber answer a tall young fellow with a blue enamel button in his coat. "Tell the Governor that I said so, and that I think Indo-China and Clan Lines are the pick of the big-priced bunch."

"And of the others?"

"Can't hurt with Cunards or Furness Withy. But don't forget I said that they're all too high now."

"A little cryptic," thought Our Stroller. "I wonder how the client will get the message. What's round here?"

A room with a dozen telephone-boxes, and a waiting queue outside. As one door swung open, a member would call a number, dart into the box, and every now and again all the doors would open at once. The process was far too rapid for the ordinary telephone service.

"Can't make it out," said Our Stroller, unaware that it was a "tape" telephone-room, where members got put on to their offices with hardly a second's wait, once their number had been called.

"Canadian Pacifics won't go down, even if the exchange is rectified," a man remarked as our friend drifted back into the House.

"But look at the difference in price between London and New York," was the objection.

"Too low in America. Our price represents the real value much more nearly. I wouldn't like to take the responsibility of putting off people from buying Canadas now."

The other man nodded and hurried away. "I get more orders in Kaffirs than in Canadas," he shouted back over his left shoulder.

Our Stroller followed him on that word Kaffirs, and seated himself on a bench where he thought to glean useful tips.

He was hopelessly fogged, however, at the conversation around.

It was made up of Kleins, C.M.S., Coronations, Sol, Centrals, Areas, and a jumble of other names.

So he shifted nearer the door, where a knot of men stood talking.

"It's all Randfontein with you," exclaimed one impatiently. "I've missed them over and over again, and you keep on rubbing in Randfontein. If I didn't buy them at 16s., how can you expect me to have them now?"

"Because it's still right to have them, old chap. You can put your clients into the shares, and they'll love you more than ever."

"And Government Areas, I suppose?"—mockingly.

"Government Areas, Modder Deep, Randfontein. You can't go wrong."

"They tell me Chartered," hazarded another.

"Risky, but probably right. Now I once saw a man——"

Our Stroller thought the speaker's eye was resting on him. He faded quietly through the door, and marched calmly down the stairs of the main entrance.

Friday, Dec. 5, 1919.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Wednesday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired, the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for ten shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

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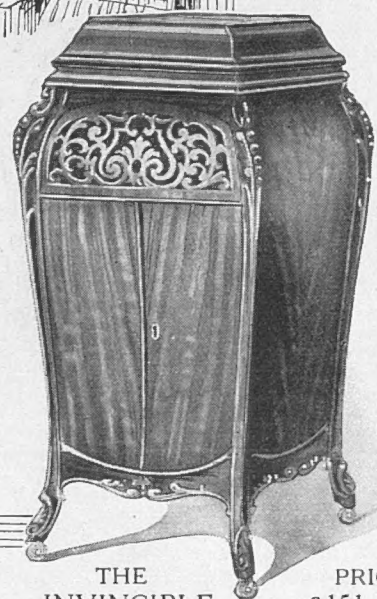
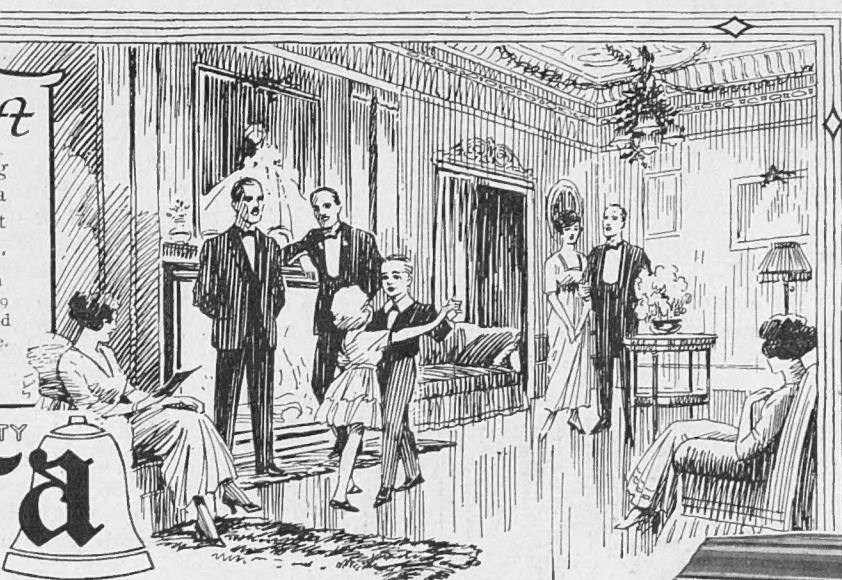
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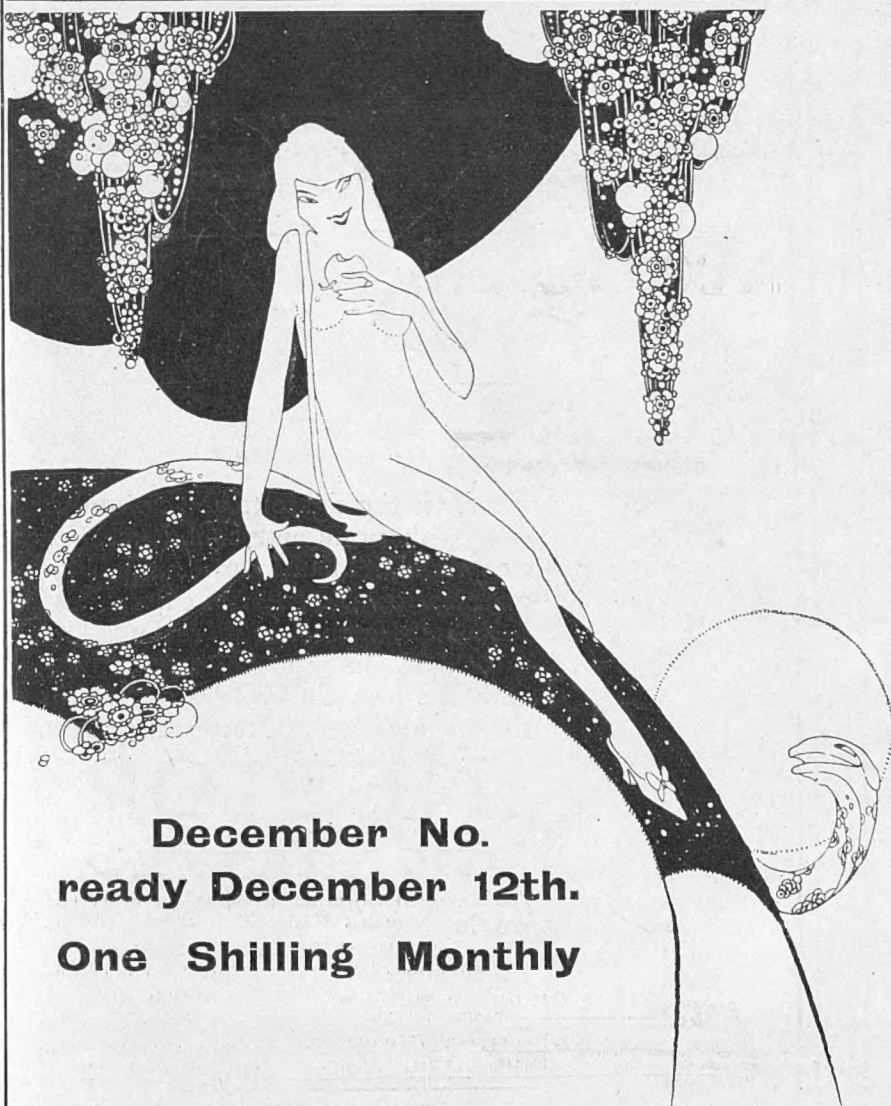
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Continued from page 398.

say is that the Law of Chances is against it's coming off twice running over Aintree. Anyway, they've got another in the same stable that is quite good enough to win if anything should happen to Mrs. Peel's horse—and his name is Pollen. This horse jumps quite as well as the "half-bred" hunter; but he had not, last year anyway, the pace and staying powers of his stable companion. I do not think I have ever seen a more faultless performance than Poethlyn's; and when he pulled up he could, I verily believe, have gone the course again—certainly once round again.

Nevertheless, I shall stick to my opinion expressed in some previous notes—namely, that this gay "felly" who won the Sefton, Clonree, is going to beat more than beat him. I have not seen this horse yet, as I was not at Liverpool when he won—but, if he is not



TO PLAY MRS. JACK DAW: MISS DORIS KEALY.

Miss Doris Kealy is to play the part of Mrs. Jack Daw in "Through the Green Door," which Mr. Norman Page is producing in Manchester next week.

a real customer, then I'll eat him, hoofs and all, *cum grano salis*, which, freely translated by Mr. Jorrocks, means a 'leetle pinch o' pepper."

Now that we are rid of that pestilential frost and the falling is nice and soft—now, as I say, the falling's nice and soft—the preparation of the jumper can proceed without any undue let or hindrance, and there will be no excuse for any trainer sending his horses to the post short of practice. I've often wondered, in this connection, why one does not find jumping cages more in vogue in this country. They are, as I am aware, used—but not half often enough, to my way of thinking. A jumping-cage is a railed-in circular course with steeplechase fences in it—usually about three down each side—and you turn the victim in loose and drive him round with hunting-whips. It has the advantage of getting a horse's jumping muscles up without taking too much out of him by putting a weight on his back, and it makes him

clever and handy. It is not, of course, intended to take the place of the ordinary school, with a man on his back and a lot of others to chip in, but it is a very useful aid, and I am certain, from my own experience, is a very sound way of elaborating a jumper's education. It gives a shifty one confidence, and, if he gets a fall or two, it rarely does him as much harm as a fall he gets with a man on his back. After one has watched horses going round these schools, which are by no means unknown at most cavalry training centres, one realises how true is the aphorism that "If there were no bridles there would be no falls"—yet we sometimes think that we can help a horse to jump! We can undoubtedly help him: not to fall by refraining from pulling him about at his fences, and by keeping our hands in the right spot—but I often wonder whether we ever do more. No horse wants to fall. He would

(Continued overleaf)



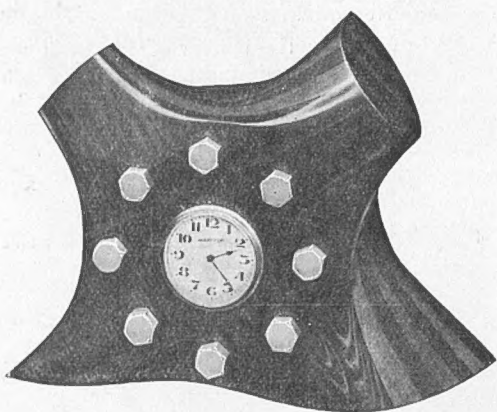
THE GIVER OF A RECITAL: MISS DORIS GODSON.

Miss Doris Godson gave an interesting recital last week at the Æolian Hall, assisted by Mr. Joseph Coleman. Songs by Saint-Saëns, Sibelius, Duparc, and Debussy were included in her programme.—(Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.)

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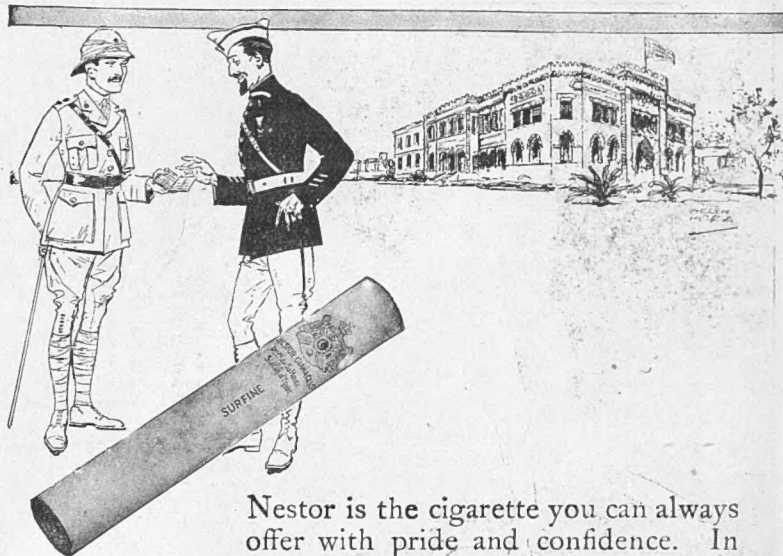


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